THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 75. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 21, 1896. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 38

COME.

BY W. W. LONG.

Come to me, dear love, tender,
Come with a soothing smile;
Come with soft words gentle,
Care from my heart beguile.

Come while the shadows darken,
Bring to me perfect peace;
Come in the strength of gladness,
Bid sorrow from me cease.

Come in the blush of morning,
Love in your fair face gleaming;
Kiss as of old you kissed me,
Banish my life's sad dreaming.

Come with the bliss of loving,
And music in your voice;
Thrill as of old you thrilled me,
And my weary heart rejoice.

FOR LOVE OF GOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER II—(CONTINUED.)

A SIMILAR honor pertains to the owners of the Priory, and the two long compartments of worm-eaten oak are exactly in line with each other on either side of the worn uneven stones that form the pavement of the aisle leading to the altar steps, whence Mr. Gray tremulously gives forth the commandments every Sunday, standing by the communion table, which is adorned with a crimson velvet altar cloth, whereon the letters "I. H. S." are worked in gold thread, the joint production of the Rector's three adoring sisters.

For many a year, however, the Priory pew has stood empty. Philip Marlowe himself, filling the post of organist to the church, is, of course, precluded from occupying the seat of his forefathers, and, with the exception of an occasional stranger whom chance has led into Combe Royal church, and our old sexton has given a place among the shabby red cushions, it remains empty, leaving us the sole occupants of the ugly whitewashed chancel.

A new order of things prevails to-day, however. Scarcely has the Reverend Pontifex commenced the exhortation, or Miss Amanda finished jingling her bangles, or Miss Grey's cowslip-crowned head once more become visible after she has taken a pile of well-worn prayer and hymn books from the carpet-covered box beneath her seat, where they pass the other six days of the week under lock and key, when a stranger is seen slowly advancing up the aisle, and, after a minute or so of whispered conversation with old Grabett, is conducted by him, with due solemnity, to the Priory pew.

At once every eye in Combe Royal church is fixed curiously on the newcomer.

From Sir Gregory Diggle himself down to the smallest child in the infant school, there is not an individual present who does not forthwith make a mental inventory comprising every personal attitude of the sole representative of "the Priory people."

Even the Reverend "Ponto," as our boys call him, loses his place and repeats the same sentence twice while gazing with watery blue eyes over his gold-rimmed glasses as Mr. Hastings Aylmer takes his place in a corner of the long pew, and, after contemplating the lining of his glossy hat for a second or two, according to the prevailing fashion of men on first entering a church, seats himself, and proceeds leisurely to take stock of the congregation.

I do not like him! Of that I am soon quite certain, scrutinizing our new neighbor closely over the top of my prayer book as I sit in the choir pew.

Since my promotion to the honor of leading our church music, I have been torn from the bosom of my family during service hours, and from one of a band of, not happy pilgrims, but self-sacrificing young women, supposed to be sufficiently well versed in the laws of harmony to instruct the rest of the singing congregation in the way it should go.

For this purpose half a dozen of us are enclosed in a row of seats directly in front of the wheezy old organ, which occupies a position in the body of the church, just below the chancel steps; and from there, placed as I am, I can obtain a distinct view of Mr. Marlowe's tenant.

No—I do not like him! Why, it would be difficult to determine, for there is certainly nothing objectionable in the appearance of Mr. Hastings Aylmer.

Indeed, nine people out of every ten would probably call him a good looking man. He is of middle height and slight build. He has a small head, small ears, small hands, probably small feet, but these are for the present invisible.

His age may be anywhere between forty and fifty. He is dark haired, dark eyed, pale skinned; and he has a slight moustache with carefully waxed ends. Somehow he reminds me of a cat with a mouse in its mouth. Altogether he is more of a foreigner in appearance than an Englishman; but this may be accounted for by his long residence abroad.

He is well dressed—too well according to my captious judgment. I have a perverse preference for Philip Marlowe's shabby coat and father's antiquated style of attire.

Contrasted with these, Captain Aylmer is suggestive of a tailor's dummy, such as one sees set up in some cheap showy clothier's window to show off the style of the ready-made garments obtainable within.

He is not "flashy," but he is too new. Although his clothes fit him well, they have the appearance of being worn for the first time; the white satin scarf beneath his dark closely shaved chin can only just have left its cover of tissue paper; even the rosebud in his buttonhole might well be mistaken for a waxen imitation of the flower, did I not know the very bush from which he must have plucked it, in a sheltered nook of the long neglected Priory garden.

Somehow I resent the plucking of that rosebud as a personal affront. What business has a stranger, a man whose very name was unknown to us a month ago—what business has he wandering about the Priory grounds helping himself to the best flowers, assuming at once the right of ownership over the old place, as though he had bought it out and out, instead of holding it only on a yearly tenancy?

Absurd as I know this reasoning to be, I yet find myself eyeing Mr. Aylmer with distinct resentment, and this gives place to a feeling of actual dislike as I find his restless black eyes, which seem here, there, and everywhere at once, fixed now and then remorselessly on my visage, staring at me persistently until their owner has forced my glance to meet his, when they are instantly averted, only to turn upon me again as soon as I look impatiently in another direction.

The services seem longer and more dreary than usual this morning. There is a list of banns as long as my arms to be read after the second lesson; it seems as though all the lads and lasses in our parish and the next had made up their minds to get married at once.

Among the confusion of names poor "old Ponto" flounders hopelessly, and winds up by demanding in a tone of feeble aggressiveness that, if any of us know "cause or just impediment" why these persons should not be "respectably" joined together in holy matrimony, we should declare it.

Probably no one in the church but myself remarks the slight lapsus linguæ. Yes! Turning aside to hide a smile, I see a gleam of white teeth beneath Mr. Aylmer's moustache. This is too much! If he has come to church only to turn us and our service into ridicule, he had better have stayed away altogether.

I sit back in a corner of the pew, where I am hidden from view by the old-fashioned reading-desk, while Mr. Grey drawls through the Litany. My nerves must be in an intensely sensitive state to-day, for in the murmuring responses I can distinguish every voice that I know, even Miss Amanda's feeble intonation and my father's low-toned answers being distinctly audible to my ears, notwithstanding the school children's monotonous drawl.

It is a great relief when the prayers are over, and the hymns sung, and the old Rector settles down to his sermon. As I sit in my corner of the pew, still keeping carefully behind the friendly shelter of the large velvet cushion of the old fashioned reading desk, I can see two white butterflies flickering madly after each other in the sunshine that streams in through the open church door; I can see two dark branches of the old yew-tree for which our churchyard is famous; I can see two or three daisy-covered graves, one with a wreath of withered buttercups hanging on the stone at its head.

Toby, farmer Giles' old sheep dog, lies stretched at his ease in the shadow of the low porch, snapping lazily now and then at the flies that buzz about his ragged ears. Sunday is a day of rest for him as well as his master.

The vagaries of misguided sheep and errant lamb will not trouble him for the next twelve hours. Meanwhile the sermon, three-headed, is gradually approaching its end. The first two parts of it are satisfactorily disposed of; the Reverend "Ponto" struggles valiantly over the third, which apparently is very difficult to deal with; but eventually that also is mastered.

It does not happen so be Sacrament Sunday, so, as soon as the service is over, the whole congregation is free to troop out, one after the other, into the bright sunshine.

I remain behind as long as possible, anxious to let Mr. Aylmer pass out before me, so that, by the time I put in an appearance, he may have started on his road homewards, which lies, luckily, directly opposite to ours; but, either by accident or by design, he frustrates this intention.

He is actually talking to father as familiarly as if he had known him all his life when at length I emerged from the church, having dallied so long putting away the hymn books that I and Philip Marlowe, engaged in closing the organ and arranging the music of the hymns and chants in readiness for the use by the choir at the evening service, are the last to leave.

"This is my little girl, Mr. Aylmer," says father, genially, as I, very reluctantly, it must be owned, approach the spot where they are standing in the shadow of the old yew: "if you want any information about the parish and its inhabitants, you can't do better than apply to her. She is hand and glove with every man, woman, and child for five miles round Combe Royal, to say nothing of the dogs and cats—eh, Hessie?"—turning to me for confirmation of his statement.

"The dogs and cats must assuredly feel honored!" responds Mr. Aylmer with a ceremonious bow, and a glimmering smile like that I saw when in church.

The parting of his over-red lips beneath the black moustache reveals the fact that his white teeth have the disagreeable peculiarity of being pointed, giving his face a feline expression by no means pleasing.

He pauses for a few seconds, scrutinizing me rapidly, and then he goes on—

"I am afraid we shall prove but very useless additions to this charming neighborhood ourselves"—speaking more to father than to me, although I can feel that his furtive glance is taking in with lightning-like rapidity every detail of my dress and general appearance.

"My wife's state of health is so unfortunate that it renders it quite impossible for us either to accept or to offer any hospitality; and that, although a matter of no moment in London or any large city, makes one rather unwelcome in the country, I fear. However, doctors' orders must be obeyed at all costs; and, if this lovely healthy air restores Mrs. Aylmer's nerves and spirits, she may perhaps by degrees be induced to mix in and enjoy a little quiet society. At present her dread of any stranger approaching her is distressing, and leads one into really awkward straits at times. For instance, I am quite unable to organize a staff of servants suitable to our requirements at the Priory; for the idea of having any one she does not know about the house is quite enough to send her into a fit of hysterics. What we should do without poor Ali, our black boy, I am at a loss to imagine. He combines all the offices of cook, housemaid, and butler, and is like a dog for sagacity and faithfulness. I am afraid he is in bad odor already though among the good folk in the village. I suppose," he remarked, with another smile, "it is natural to associate a dusky complexion with deeds of darkness, just as one attributes every angelic quality to the owner of a fair face."

This long, somewhat stilted speech, delivered in a curiously deliberate and careful tone, which gives me the impression somehow of its having been previously learned, is accompanied by a look that brings the blood up instantly to my cheeks.

Nevertheless I make a determined effort to appear cool and unconcerned. I feel that it will never do for this horrid man to have the satisfaction of thinking that I appropriate his implied compliment to myself.

"If you are in want of servants, I can tell you of two or three nice quiet girls whom you could depend upon, Mr. Aylmer," I say lofty. "There is a woman called Gibson—Mary Gibson—in the village, who sometimes helps in our kitchen, and is really a good cook—is she not, father? She would be glad to come to you; and I do not think Mrs. Aylmer could possibly object to her. And there is Sarah Dent. The Dents have lived in Combe Royal for generations. Sarah would make an excellent housemaid."

Mr. Aylmer produces from one waistcoat pocket a letter with a blank page, and from the other waistcoat pocket a massive gold pencil case.

"Mary Gibson, cook. Sarah Dent, housemaid," he repeats, placing the paper upon a tombstone and writing down the names. "I shall put 'O. I.' after Sarah's name—'old inhabitant'—so as not to confuse the two. There is nothing like being particular, I find, Miss Gay. Now it only remains for me to go home and impart your

valuable information to my wife at once. She has a fancy for engaging servants from town; but I feel sure that natives of the place will prove far more satisfactory both to her and to me, and I am most anxious to get the place put to rights as quickly as possible. The Priory is really a charming old house. It seems a pity that Mr. Marlowe cannot make up his mind to lay out a few hundred pounds on necessary repairs. Don't you think so?"

"Ay! It is a sin that such a nice little property should be allowed to go to rack and ruin, but poor Marlowe is not to blame for that," says father.

"The blame lies with the wrong-headed revengeful old rascal who chose to make a fool of himself and everybody else by hiding the money that should have profited his heir, so that the present owner, your landlord, sir, has not a stiver to bless himself with. I'm abusing your late grandfather, Philip," he goes on, turning to Mr. Marlowe, who has just joined us, as he usually does on our way home from church.

"I'm afraid I ought to be in a more Christian frame of mind—just after morning service, too; but I always feel inclined to use strong language when I think of him. The absolute disappearance of every farthing he possessed is such an unheard-of circumstance that——"

"You mean, of course, that you are in the dark as to the old gentleman's investments. I have known people before who have been very jealous of letting any one be acquainted with how their money was disposed of. Probably the dead man played ducks and drakes with most of it, and did not want the fact to be found out," says Mr. Aylmer with a rather bored look, and a glance round him at the straggling groups of church-goers gradually dispersing as they pass through the gate on their homeward ways as though he were anxious to follow their example; but the disappearance of old Marlowe's money is a pet hobby of father's, and he is always ready to ride it at any opportunity.

The boys, with Ruth and Rosie, are already half way across the church field, and we begin to saunter slowly after them.

Philip and I fall behind the other two; it would be a shame to walk four abreast in the long purple-headed grass, starred with ox-eyed daisies, poppies, and tall kingcups, though they are doomed to be cut down in a few days, when old Farmer Giles begins the work of hay-making.

Father leads the way, with Mr. Aylmer by his side, flicking at the field flowers with a light little cane that he carries, and dexterously beheading any tall ones that came within his reach.

He listens with polite attention while the oft-told tale of old Marlowe's iniquity in successfully concealing the whereabouts of his cash is related for his benefit.

He makes the usual suggestions about searching for the missing money, evidently more for courtesy than for any interest he feels in the matter, and receives the inevitable reply—every likely and unlikely attempt to solve the mystery has been tried long ago.

Mr. Marlowe and I, lingering a few yards behind, hear every word of the conversation, and once or twice Philip smiles good-naturedly at dear old father's energetic discussion of the matter.

"To tell you the truth, all the ideas I ever had about the loss of my grandfather's money are quite exploded," he says in answer to some comment made by Mr. Aylmer as we come to another pause by the turnstile at the end of the field leading into a lane that is our road homewards.

"Naturally, I was very hot about it all at first. I left, as I imagine, no stone unturned to find out what had become of it, and refused to believe it possible that any man, out of mere spite, could actually withdraw large sums invested in a dozen or more different places—withdraw them often, no doubt, at a serious loss—for the sake of converting the wealth into hard cash and hiding it as a dog hides a bone, hoping that no other dog will find it; but by degrees the conviction that this was the case with my grandfather, and that he actually pursued such a course as that described, has forced itself thoroughly upon me, and I have given up all hope of ever finding the money unless by accident. It may lie buried in some hole or corner of the Priory grounds; he may have dropped it sovereign by sovereign into the river, or lighted the kitchen fire with fifty-pound notes, for all we can tell to the contrary. Conjecture is both wearisome and profitless, and, having searched in all likely and unlikely places in vain, it seems to me that there is nothing for it now but to wait patiently until time or chance reveals the secret.

"Ah, you have the true philosopher's spirit, I see!" says Mr. Aylmer, laughing. "No doubt it is easily cultivated under such idyllic conditions"—this with a swift side glance at me.

"'Qu'on est bien dans un grenier a vingt ans!' One can live well in a garret at twenty years. You admire the French poets I feel sure, Mr. Marlowe's?" He spoke with a faultless accent.

"Well, I owe you a debt of gratitude, I must confess. A ghost or so is a usual accompaniment to an old country house, and I was quite prepared for a few such visitants at the Priory; but a house with a buried treasure concealed within its walls was altogether beyond my expectations!"

"Oh, I dare say I can accommodate you with a ghost, too, if you are anxious for one!" says Philip, with a smile.

"My late grandfather is popularly supposed to wander about on moonlight nights in and out of the rooms he frequented most during his lifetime, and, although I can conscientiously affirm that I have never met him myself, every one may not have been so fortunate."

Mr. Aylmer rubs his hands softly together and shows more of his white teeth than ever.

"A ghost and a buried treasure! Better and better! My interest in the place redouble!

"It is like a romance of the middle ages!" he says, appreciatively. "And the ghost watches over the treasure of course? Capital—cap-i-tal! My dear sir, in such a case one never knows when one may not be on the brink of some important discovery! But of course you yourself have not abandoned the search?

"You must allow me to offer you a free field for prosecuting it—you and any one else interested. Or are you the sole claimant to the missing wealth, Mr. Marlowe?"

"As far as I know, the only one," replies Philip carelessly. "An aunt of mine, were she living, would have a share in it of course; but, as she disappeared seventeen years ago, and all efforts to trace her have proved unavailing, I can only suppose her dead, in which case I am the sole heir to this phantom fortune. You need fear no intrusion on your privacy though, as far as I am concerned, Mr. Aylmer. While I have a tenant for the Priory, I have made up my mind to take no more active steps in the matter, and——"

"And, in the mean time, I shall commence a little amateur searching on my account," says our new acquaintance.

"You are of a confiding disposition, I must say, Marlowe. It is not every man who would let his house to strangers with the knowledge that so many hundreds, not to say thousands of pounds—I suppose your late grandfather was reputed a wealthy man?—are lying in some corner waiting to be picked up. Well, one thing is very certain—I shall not abuse your confidence. If I come across even so much as a lucky farthing, you shall be informed immediately. Good morning, Doctor! Good morning, Miss Gay! Charmed to have met you! I must try to overcome my poor wife's prejudice against seeing strangers. A quiet chat with you would do her all the good in the world. I may call, may I not, in a day or two?" he asks. "No ceremony, eh? Yes! Delightful! Good day."

In true Continental fashion, Mr. Hastings Aylmer stands in the path bare-headed, regardless of the fact that the noonday sun is pouring down upon his dark, sleek, close-cut hair, bowing and smiling, and showing his white teeth as he takes leave of us. In crossing the field from the church, he has really come out of his way entirely, and has to retrace his steps in order to reach the Priory.

For about a minute after he has turned away, we stand where he parted from us, watching his slim neatly-clad figure retreating rapidly over the long flower-flecked grass, and feel rather guilty and ill-bred when he looks round suddenly, as though he knew our eyes were following him, and smiles and waves his hat to us once more.

"A pleasant fellow enough, but half a foreigner in his ways! I wonder if his wife is an Englishwoman. It is a drawback to him, her being so nervous. You must try to make friends with her, Rosie, my dear!" says my father, who is the soul of good nature, as we turn at length into the lane and resume our homeward walk.

CHAPTER III.

IT IS about ten days since our first introduction to Mr. Marlowe's tenants. I am alone in the drawing-room one evening at half-past eight o'clock, stretched at my ease on one of the roomy chintz-covered old sofas, which are so very ugly yet so very comfortable, waiting patiently for everybody else to come in.

The day has been breathlessly hot; every window stands widely open to catch any stray little breeze that may come wandering by.

The lovely June twilight is creeping over the sky, and the sun has sunk to rest amidst a pomp of tiny jewelled cloudlets that promise yet more glorious weather for the morrow.

Through the open casement near which I lie the moon peeps in at me, large, round, and fair, faintly radiant already, although the sunset glow still lingers in the west.

The house is very still—not a soul is in it but myself and the servants, who are busy in the distant kitchen. It is Wednesday, and therefore a half-holiday. The boys are all three away on a fishing expedition. Ruth and Rosie are revelling in tea and tennis at the rectory. I myself have been ceaselessly busy since 2 o'clock, when I drove father into Bishopsthorpe, where he had to take the train to a distant consultation, and where I remained shopping for some time.

I had what seemed an interminable number of purchases to make at the grocer's, the linen draper's, and the stationer's; and the sun poured relentlessly down upon my scorched visage as I passed from one shop to another; and Winks, the fat pony, goaded to madness by the ceaseless attentions of innumerable flies, reared and pranced about, upsetting the parcels in front of nearly every establishment we visited.

Then, when the shopping was over, I returned home along the white dusty turnpike road, leaving father to find his way back alone.

I paid two or three duty visits on the way, the last being to an old lady noted for her deafness and her detestation of draughts, which combination of "d's," with the thermometer at eighty in the shade, resulted in my feeling when I left her drawing room as if I were about to dissolve, and arriving at home in a state of dust and heat that nothing but tea, a bath and an entire change of toilette could mitigate.

It is cool now however. The evening breeze moves the lace window-curtains softly; the big venetian blind of the staircase window goes flip-flap idly against the oaken frame; the silence in the empty house is so intense that a great overblown Malmaison rose in a specimen glass on the mantelshelf seems to make quite a loud noise falling suddenly to pieces after the manner of roses in hot weather, and sending a shower of pinky-white petals down upon the faded Turkey hearth-rug.

Tiresome! I must pick them up in a minute or two—not now. I am too comfortable to move at present, and the boys will be in directly, whistling, slamming doors, and shouting to each other; the blessed quiet will be at an end, the——"

'Ting-a-ting-ting-ting! A bell rings sharply through the house—an unwelcome sound in my ears.

It is the surgery bell, and may mean many things—a summons for father, who will not be at home for two hours at least; or perhaps it is a prescription to be made up, and, if the surgery boy has gone home to supper, as I more than half expect, I shall have to send for him, unless it is some simple nostrum that I myself can dispense; or it may be an accident, or some one in a fit, or a broken——

Ting-a-ting-ting-ting! There it is again! Alfred must have gone. How very stupid of him! Father ought to tell him that he must not leave work so early, especially when he himself is away from home.

There is no one to attend to the surgery door, for the maids make it a point of honor to turn a deaf ear to any bell that does not immediately concern them, and, if it is some ignorant person, they will never think of coming round to the front entrance.

Another tinkle decided me. I must go myself. I jump up, letting the new magazine I was reading slip from my lap to the floor, and run down the wide shallow-stepped oak staircase, which has not its match in Combe Royal.

A narrow flagged passage, lighted—or, rather, rendered less dark—by a skylight of thick greenish glass, leads from the front hall to the surgery, an oblong room, lined from floor to ceiling with shelves and cupboards.

It has but one window, which is shaded by a wire blind, and looks out into a quiet little side street. The room is more than half dark already, and instinctively I raise my arm and turn up the small jet of gas that is always kept burning above the narrow marble counter, on which the drugs are mixed. When this is done, I proceed to open the door and confront my evening visitor.

He stands on the stone step, a queer, fantastic figure enough in the evening twilight. Although since the Aylmers came amongst us, I have caught sight of their reputed Indian page boy more than once, I have never before been within speaking distance of him, and, as he salaams in a most elaborate fashion before me in the gloaming, a curious thrill runs through me to my finger-tips—the dusky face and sinuous form are so utterly unlike the honest "chawbacon" I had prepared myself to meet when I opened the door.

"Missee berry sick. Sahib say Doctor Sahib must come quick—quick!" he says, running his words glibly together.

In his hand he holds a letter, the white envelope being very conspicuous between his dark finger and thumb.

It half surprises me to find when he hands the letter to me that his fingers have left no mark upon the spotless surface.

He presents the missive to me with a fantastic flourish, and, as I turn from him into the lighted room to decipher its contents beneath the gaslight, I know, although I cannot see, that he goes through sundry strange capers on the pavement outside, to the great edification of three or four small street urchins, to whom the appearance of "Darkie" is an unfailing source of wonder, largely mixed with awe.

The letter is written in a small cramped hand, and is addressed to my father. In his absence, it is my duty to open all such communications, and when their nature is urgent, to see that they are attended to as far as possible.

The note ran thus:—

"The Priory, Wednesday.

"Dear Doctor—My wife is in a sadly hysterical state to-night; and, although I fear it is quite useless for me to ask you to pay her a professional visit, owing to her unfortunate aversion to meeting any stranger, it has struck me that, without seeing her, you might perhaps be able to prescribe some simple remedy for the terrible restlessness and insomnia from which she is suffering. Any directions you give shall be faithfully carried out.

"In haste,

"Sincerely yours,

"Hastings Aylmer."

I turn the letter over and over, and read it through slowly again, more to give myself time for reflection than because its meaning is not sufficiently clear.

Since our first introduction to the new tenant of the Priory, we have improved considerably on the acquaintance, and three days out of the seven that make up a week find Mr. Hastings Aylmer a visitor beneath our roof on some trifling pretext or other.

Father certainly has only himself to thank for this; for he carries hospitality to an extreme, especially when he considers that the recipient of his large-hearted friendliness has any claim to compassion.

"Poor Aylmer! What a terrible and sad thing it is for him to have such an invalid wife! We must do everything that we can to cheer him up, Hessie, my dear!"

If father said that once, he said it half a dozen times on the day after we first made the acquaintance of Philip Marlowe's tenant.

Mr. Hastings Aylmer showed himself very willing to be cheered up, and soon fell into the habit of strolling in to see us at tea-time, or when we sat out under the old sycamore enjoying our coffee on the hot June evenings.

Nothing would ever make me like the man, of course; but I should scorn to be prejudiced, and there is no denying he does improve as we get to know him better. He is amusing too—has been abroad a great deal, and knows all sorts of stories about the stage and actors and actresses.

Philip calls him a mountebank, and says all his information is stale. Perhaps it is, but that does not matter much; it is quite new to us—things take such a long time to reach Combe Royal.

Philip detests Mr. Aylmer; there is not a doubt about that. If he could turn him out of the Priory this minute, even at the sacrifice of his hundred pounds a year rent, I am sure he would willingly do it. If it were not too absurd, I should say he was jealous.

At any rate, I am confident Mr. Aylmer thinks he is; and, what is more, he takes a delight in paying me the most effusive attentions just for the sake of arousing Philip's anger. It is dreadfully silly of

course; yet it is rather amusing, only it must not be allowed to go too far.

There is the note from the Priory to be attended to however. What can I do? If father would only come in! Alas, there is no likelihood of that! The consultation he is attending is at a house miles away. There is no prospect of his returning until the last train arrives, when he will take his chance of being able to hire a fly from Bishopsthorpe station, or, failing that walk home, in which case he would be here about half-past ten or eleven o'clock. Still, it seems unfriendly to take no notice of the poor woman's being so ill. Perhaps I could write a note.

I seat myself at the high wooden desk that stands at one end of the counter, take a sheet of father's blue note-paper, dip a pen into the pewter inkstand, and begin to write—

"Dear Mr. Aylmer—"

How odd it looks! I do not believe I ought to call him "dear." Yet how else can I address the man? "Sir" sounds as if he were a tradesman. Perhaps it should be "Dear sir." That seems a happy combination of friendliness and formality.

"Dear Sir—I am sorry to say——"

At this juncture the surgery door, which I have left unlatched, is pushed softly open, and Mr. Aylmer's dark messenger shuffles into the room and pauses within a few feet of where I sit, eyeing me curiously.

Seen in the full glare of the gaslight, he is certainly a strange-looking object. His age may be eleven or twelve; he is very lean, and seems as active as a cat. His physiognomy belongs to no recognized type; he is too flat-nosed for a Hindoo, not yellow enough for a Chinaman, too lantern-jawed and thin-lipped for an African.

His sparkling, restless black eyes glance here, there, and everywhere, reminding me of a wild animal dreading attack.

Perhaps he resembles a monkey more nearly than any other living creature, his queer antics and absurdly incongruous dress—consisting of a page's old livery suit much too large for him, a pair of dirty canvas shoes, which seem always on the point of slipping off his thin brown feet, and a bright red scarf knotted loosely round his thin dark throat—going far to emphasize this resemblance.

Public opinion in Combe Royal has apparently been too strong for him in the matter of dress, and has forced him to abandon the native attire in which he first made his appearance in the neighborhood for garments more suited to English ideas and propriety.

Finding himself an object of scrutiny, my visitor soon begins to fidget desperately. He stands first on one foot and then on the other; he glances furtively at me, at the gas, at the desk, at every object the room contains, and then turns up his eyes till only the whites of them are visible.

He scratches his head, which is covered with a dense mass of wiry black hair; he sighs, he yawns, he sniffs, he wriggles. Finally he gives vent to his pent-up feelings.

"Sahib say Doctor Sahib makes much haste; missee berry sick. P'r'aps go die?" he says, with a reproachful glance at me.

"But the doctor is not at home. He cannot go to your mistress. And, if he did, what would be the use if she won't see him?" I ask the boy, rather helplessly.

He gives a broad grin, his mouth seeming to extend almost from ear to ear, showing a set of pearly white teeth.

"Missee put Doctor Sahib in bottle! Old missee drink up quick—quite well soon!" he says with an indescribable leer; and his black eyes sparkle.

He throws back his head, makes a motion with his lips, imitative of the drawing of a cork, puts his finger inside his cheek and withdraws it with a smart pop, as though the cork had left the bottle, gulps loudly half-a-dozen times in imitation of the act of swallowing, and finally stands erect, like a soldier at attention, with his arms close to his sides, while his countenance becomes perfectly rigid.' No wonder that he is regarded by the youth of Combe Royal as possessing supernatural endowments.

His suggestion of a dose of some simple medicine that cannot do harm and may possibly be of some benefit to Mrs. Aylmer is not however a bad one. I have the prescription of a remedy father often administers to mysterical nervous sufferers, and this at any rate can do no harm. I have often mixed draughts of it under father's superintendence; therefore it is not necessary even to summon the surgery boy to prepare it.

I select a clean marked phial from the cupboard where numerous bottles are neatly arranged on shelves, according to their size, ready for use, and proceed to make up the draught, watched intently all the while by the keen eyes of the black boy.

As I cork the bottle carefully, a sudden whimsical notion flashes across my brain, and, though it is dismissed at once as too utterly impracticable to be worthy of entertaining *for a moment*, it returns immediately with redoubled force. Supposing I were to make a bold attempt to visit this mysterious invalid on my own account, and try if I could induce her to allow her ailments, whatever they are, to be treated properly.

The idea perhaps, after all, is not quite so preposterous as it may seem, for I do a great deal of sick visiting in the parish for my father, and in two cases of hysterical ailments I have been more successful in reasoning the patients out of their fancies and inducing them to submit to his remedies than he has.

Certainly, the patients were both girls of my own age, known to me from childhood, and sufficiently lower than myself in the social scale to look upon a daily visit from "Doctor's daughter" as an honor cheaply purchased by implicitly obeying the mandates and swallowing the physic of "Doctor" himself; but then there is always the chance with a sick person, particularly with one whose ailments are principally nervous, that a stranger may be able to do more than a relative or any one in constant attendance.

Although Mr. Aylmer appears so strongly convinced that it is hopeless to try to induce his wife to abandon her unnatural seclusion, I know enough of illness, particularly of nervous illness, to be aware that, as in many other cases, nothing is so likely as the unexpected, and that Mrs. Aylmer might change her mind in a moment, and be as willing to receive a visit from me as she has hitherto shown herself averse from it, the more so as she would be quite unprepared for my coming.

On the whole, the more I think of it the more feasible my project appears; and perhaps the spice of adventure with which it is flavored renders it additionally attractive to the romantic imagination of a girl of eighteen.

"I suppose your mistress would not see me if I went back with you now to the house?" I ask tentatively of the black boy as I damp the gum on the back of a label with a little brush provided for the purpose, and affix the label carefully to the bottle of medicine I have just made up.

The boy shakes his woolly head so decidedly in reply that I almost expect to see it drop off and roll at my feet.

"Missee nebber see strangers! Berry sick all the time," he says, holding out his hand to take the bottle and thus end the matter; but my idea has taken too powerful a hold upon me to be dismissed so easily.

"At any rate, I will walk with you to the Priory and see," I say hastily. "Just wait two minutes."

Putting the bottle of medicine into my pocket, for fear he should bolt with it in my absence, I turned my back upon my black friend, and, opening a door on the right, ran rapidly, two steps at a time, up a little spiral staircase leading from the surgery into the house.

These stairs terminate in the landing on which my own bedroom is located. It is all but dark there now, and I stumbled over a stray slipper and sundry other articles on my way to the bed, where I carelessly tossed my hat and jacket some little time ago.

While I am tying the laces of my outdoor shoes, the parlor maid makes her appearance, with a lighted candle in her hand.

"I was looking for you, miss. The young gentlemen have come in and want their tea," she says, manifestly surprised at finding me preparing to going out.

Her information is quite unnecessary, for already doors are slamming, popular airs are being whistled; and a peculiar "swish," ending in a thud, in the lighted hall below has made me aware that the "Tiger" has descended the stairs in his usual fashion, astride the balusters.

The last thing I should wish is that the boys should know the errand on which I am bent. If they did there would be no end to their questions afterwards; and, besides, they would tell Philip Marlowe, which is just what I want to prevent. There will be time enough to say where I have been when I come back.

"Oh, carry in the tea at once, Rose!" I answered hurriedly, drawing on my gloves. "And say that I had to go out and see some one, but that I shall be home in half an hour."

I take advantage of the parlor maid's departure to fly down stairs by the way in which I came up. If I linger a moment I shall have the whole pack coming after me to find out whither I am going! The message I send will not surprise them at all, for frequently, in father's absence, I run out with messages or directions for some of his village patients.

I have an idea that I shall find that Mr. Aylmer's dusky menial has flown during the short time I have been away; but my fears prove groundless. He is still there, apparently relieving the monotony of waiting by standing on his head; for, on entering the surgery hastily, I find a pair of dirty white canvas shoes waving wildly in the air, while their owner's woolly head takes their place on the cork carpeting that covers the floor. He reverses himself promptly however when I make my appearance, and I am too anxious to start to take much heed of his absurd antics.

I lower the gas, and we step out at once into the dusk, closing and locking the surgery door behind us. I put the key into my pocket, trusting that no one will want to open the door during my absence.

As I am not anxious that all the gossips in Combe Royal should know my errand, I avoid the High Street, where I am the most likely to meet acquaintances, and thread my way through the outskirts of the village—it is really absurd to call it a town—till we reach the fields.

The moon is up by this time and shining with silvery brightness, the hay-makers have left their work, and a heavy dew lies upon the fragrant haycocks, which are to be carted and stacked in the glorious golden sunshine to-morrow.

A solitary nightingale is singing somewhere in the Priory woods, and the Combe Royal church clock strikes nine as the black boy swings back upon its rusty hinges the iron gates of Philip Marlowe's old home, and runs on in front of me down the drive, which, even on the hottest summer day, is dark and cool, the tree branches, which have remained for years unclipped, being so thickly interwoven overhead.

It is pitch dark here to-night, in spite of the moon, and, as I flounder over a loose stone, and a bat comes whirring close to my face, I could find it in my heart to regret the mixture of curiosity and good nature that has prompted my visit to the invalid lady at so late an hour, and to hope devoutly that she will refuse to see me, so that I may rush back home as quickly as possible.

The Priory itself lies in a hollow at the bottom of the steep incline leading to it. The long, low, white battlemented house, with lattice windows and a low Gothic porch, gleams coldly in the moonlight.

In ages gone by the place belonged to a peculiarly strict order of monks; and many tales of their awful doings are still current in the neighborhood.

Three or four stone coffins, rude troughs with merely a hollow for the head, have been dug up from time to time in the field nearest to the building, and these have been piled one upon another in the back yard.

The dilapidated remains of the chapel windows form one side of the stable yard, where the grass grows so thickly that one can hardly distinguish the worn stones that form the pavement.

It has always been a matter for wonder with Combe Royal folk that any stranger should select the Priory even as a temporary residence; and, although I have a lingering love for the old place, and have passed some of my happiest hours wandering in its old-world garden, with its maze and its fish pond, its high moss-grown brick walls and its narrow espalier-bordered paths, I must own that I think it a most unsuitable place for the home of a nervous hysterical invalid, more especially as the Aylmers have neither children nor a proper staff of servants about them to help fill the house and make it cheerful.

Mr. Aylmer certainly interviewed several Combe Royal girls who were anxious for the post of cook or housemaid at the Priory, and he almost went the length of engaging two of my special prodigies for the respective positions, but somehow the arrangements all fell through at the last minute, and Mrs. Aylmer decided to have a cook-housekeeper from town until she was able enough to select servants for herself.

The woman who has been engaged in this capacity is a mysterious personage, more like a charwoman than a cook; she is besides almost black, very old, and so deaf that one has to shout very loudly before she can understand a word that is said to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

STARVED.—In the spring of the year the dead leaves of pampas grass dry, fall to the ground and curl up like shavings from a carpenter's bench. A correspondent of an English paper mentions finding a robin which had accidently got one of these pieces curled so tightly around its neck that it could not feed and so starved to death.

IN JAPAN.—There is a stringent law in Japan that when one camphor laurel is cut down another must be planted in its place. The tree is hardy and long-lived, attaining to an enormous size. The seed or berries grow in clusters, resembling the black currant in size and appearance. And the wood is employed for every purpose, from cabinet-making to shipbuilding.

THE OLDEST.—Among articles of Western costume, the two oldest are perhaps the Highland kilt and the smock-frock of the west country English laborer. It is not probable that either of them has altered much for a thousand years. The smock-frock was the peasant dress in early Saxon times, and the kilt would seem to be a development of the kirtle or fringed girdle, which was probably the earliest garment worn by man.

ETCHING.—The art of etching from glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass cutter. By accident a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that they became corroded, and softened where the acid had touched. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed, the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

CORREAN WOMEN.—Corean women, to the Western eye, are both hideous and ungainly, whereas the men and young boys are often handsome and picturesque. There is neither grace nor elegance in the female dress, which in some respects resembles that of the Chinese, and consists of a loose pair of trousers reaching to the ankle, and tied round the waist with a thick cord; on the top of this is worn a short petticoat reaching to the knees, and fitted to the shoulder is a yoke or shoulder-cape, to which are attached long loose sleeves. This costume is the ordinary dress of the working-woman.

BIRDS.—A hen pheasant was observed by a sportsman to be flying around and around in a wild manner. On being shot it was discovered to have a large oak leaf impaled upon its beak in such a way as to totally obscure its vision. The owl's eyes have no muscles by which they can be moved. This deficiency is atoned for by extraordinary flexibility in the muscles of the neck, by which the owl can move his head with incredible rapidity in any direction. Herons sometimes choke themselves by attempting to swallow a large trout. An eider duck has been killed by attempting to swallow a toad. A king fisher was once found which could not fly on account of having a young pike stuck in its throat. Some hunters removed the fish, and the bird flew away unhurt.

ONE ON THE ENEMY.—The Duchess of Buckingham, in her Glimpses of Four Continents, tells an amusing Maori story, belonging to the period when the Maoris were at war with England. All sorts of tricks were resorted to, such as are not only fair but commendable in war. When the Maoris were short of bullets, they used to set up a dummy in the bush; of course it was immediately fired at. A man in hiding then pulled it down by a string. "Oh," thought the British soldiers, "we've done for him!" Up came the dummy again, cautiously. "Bang, bang!" went the British rifles. Down fell the dummy; and this went on till some worse marksman than usual cut the dummy rope. No Maori would go up to the tree to splice it, for the exposure meant certain death. The bullets were afterwards taken out of a little earth-bank which the Maoris had made behind the tree where the dummy appeared, and were used again. It was a long time before this artifice was discovered.

THE practice of acting without forethought is simple heedlessness. To confound it with courage is error. The highest courage is the fruit of deliberation and a settled purpose. It is consistent not only with calculation, but with caution, and is far removed from blundering heedlessness as from timidity.

DALLIANCE.

BY K. C.

I said, "I will go to my only love
In her Northern home to-day!
The spring has come, and I long to see
The one so true and loving to me,
Who grieved at my strange delay."
But the longing died as the day grew old,
And I was content to stay.

I said, "I will send for my sweetheart true,
Her old-time promise to keep.
Oh, dust and ashes the world's best prize!
My lady's smile and her patient eyes
Shall lull my sorrows to sleep."
But cold was the heart that would wait no more;
The snow on her grave lay deep!

A WAR WITH FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE shape of the ugly vehicle had recalled a very lamentable episode in his own young life—an episode which had ended in the hopeless imbecility of a very intimate friend of his, and with his disappearance into the county asylum, whither he had been conveyed in just such a hideous conveyance as the one standing in the snowy road yonder.

"I should like to see what is happening there," said Thir, watching with eager interest as one of the men came out of the house again, spoke to the driver, and then went back. "It will all be on your road to the station, Mr. Darncombe, unless you will come back for a cup of tea."

But the major would not return to the cottage under any circumstances; he had already lost the train he ought to have caught, and he could not afford to lose another.

So they all three walked on towards the spot where the strange vehicle was waiting in front of the empty villa—a little excited, though they could not have told why. As they approached the object of their curiosity, a gentleman in a gray overcoat and a high hat came out of the house and went out of sight behind the carriage.

"There is the missing Doctor, at all events!" said Thir. "He is the only gentleman in Quilter's Common with a coat just that color."

"Then perhaps Miss Valland is here too," suggested the Major. "It's a queer place for an invalid; but, if the Doctor is here—"

"Some poor benighted tramp, you may depend," interposed Miss Carry. "That would be just like Dora! Oh, Thir!"

They were within a short distance of the house now, and forth from it came three men—the two they had seen enter before, and a stooping, thick-set, swarthy fellow, whose appearance seemed familiar to Thir the moment he emerged from the shadow of the doorway into the afternoon light. He was walking along with apparent willingness; yet there was something in the air of the others—one at his side and one a step behind him—which suggested the idea that they were watching his every movement as a cat watches a mouse.

Thir watched this uncouth creature's advance with a feeling which was almost like superstitious fear. She wished he would raise his head that she might see his face; perhaps then she would remember of whom he reminded her.

Just as the man reached the gate, her wish was gratified. When the trio were within half a dozen yards of each other, he seemed to become aware of their approach and turned abruptly to look at them. Then Thir suddenly felt as though she would faint, for, as once before, she heard a thrilling shriek, she saw quivering distended fingers raised on high above the shaggy head, heard the terror-stricken words, "Again—ah, God, again!" and saw him fall heavily forward into the arms of the stalwart men who were with him.

Thir clutched her aunt's arm tightly.

"It is the same man," she said—"the man I saw in the quarry path three months ago!"

* * * * * *

The little group in front of the unfinished house was for a moment in a state of panic. They were too startled to know exactly what to do; but the two men who were supporting the unconscious Martin recovered their self-possession at once, and proceeded with methodical calmness to carry him forward to the closed cart. Immediately afterwards Doctor Clapper, who had apparently been inside the vehicle, came bustling out, and helped them with their burden.

Everything was done so promptly and skilfully that by the time Thir had recovered her breath the insensible man, with his keepers, had entered the carriage, the door was shut, and the driver had received his order to drive on from Doctor Clapper.

Then the doctor had recognised the ladies, and explained that the man they had just seen carried into the cart was a wandering lunatic, whom they had placed under restraint for the safety of the public at large. Then Dora Valland and the second doctor, who had watched the whole scene from the empty hall, returned to the kitchen, where Mrs. Williamson had prepared tea.

"A most curious and interesting case, Miss Valland," said Doctor Mack—"one of the most strongly-developed examples of monomania I have ever met with! The moment we entered the room he asked us if we were the magistrates, come to hear his confession of this murder."

"Yes," rejoined Dora, who was thoroughly unnerved by the scene at the gate and the thought of what might have resulted from it—"I told him you were magistrates before you came; it was the only way I could keep him quiet; he was so set on making this confession."

"Well, my dear lady, he made it, and made it so well that, if it had not been for that one touch of wildness—about seeing the spirit of the murdered girl whenever he went near the place—it would have been hard to doubt his sanity. You saw what happened at the gate just now? Odd that the hallucination should have returned to him at that moment! He took the young lady who was coming up the road for the spirit of the dead girl."

Dora shivered slightly, and looked about the bare kitchen and through the open door at old Mrs. Williamson putting her bedroom straight, and then at the doctor, with an expression of dumb pleading in her eyes, as if she had borne all she could bear and was at the end of her powers of endurance. But Doctor Mack's professional interest was too thoroughly aroused for him to be able to leave the subject.

"We told him the asylum-van was a police-van," he went on, "and that the keepers were policemen in plain clothes—that was why he went so willingly. So long as they work on that idea—that he is to be allowed to expiate this imaginary crime—he will do whatever they ask him. He is haunted by the belief that the spirit of his sweetheart can't rest in her grave because he is still unpunished. Strange how sane and collected he seems on every other point—very strange indeed! The great misfortune is that these special cases are so very difficult; it is seldom that one of them is discharged as cured."

"Yes," said Dora, utterly listless now that the violent strain of the past twenty-four hours was removed—too listless even to appreciate fully the information contained in those last words. "It is my first experience with mad people, and I hope very earnestly it may be my last! Hark! Who is this coming with Doctor Clapper?"

For a moment she imagined that her secret was already found out, that Thir had heard of John Martin's curious hallucination and was coming to expose her. But it was only Major Darncombe, who had come to ascertain her wishes about going over to Beverley the following Monday.

It happened that Doctor Mack was Mrs. Popiett's medical attendant; and shortly afterwards he and the Major went off together on their return journey to Beverley, the Doctor enlivening the journey by a description of the case he had just been called in to certify.

Doctor Clapper took Miss Valland home with him, and sent her on to the Rectory in his carriage, with orders to remain in bed the whole of the next day.

"Never mind the Sunday-school for once," he said; "the youngsters aren't likely to suffer by the loss of one day's teaching. And I warn you, if you put much more strain on yourself, you will be down with low fever."

"I will be careful," she promised him. And then, as they shook hands, she held his fingers detainingly.

"Would you be very astonished if I asked you not to talk about this sad business among the people here, Doctor Clapper? There were matters connected with the murder of that unhappy girl in the quarry which very few people know or dream of. If the subject is raked up again, it may bring about about more trouble than we can foresee. You and I are the only people here who know of John Martin's hallucination. It would only set folk talking if they heard that the unhappy man accuses himself of this murder. Had we not better let the whole matter rest?"

Doctor Clapper's face flushed; he was conscious of his own weakness for gossip, and he felt his hidden rebuke in her request. But he willingly acceded to it; he was not such a talkative fool as not to be able to hold his tongue when he was asked to do so.

Still he gave up with a sigh the idea of retailing this sensational piece of gossip round the neighborhood. And Dora Valland, as she drove away home, looking more like a corpse than a living woman, except for the nervous unrest of her pale gray eyes, was wondering doubtfully whether she had really locked up her iniquitous secret for good, or whether it might even yet spring out upon her again some day and, taking her off her guard, undo in a moment the work of months.

After this adventure, Miss Valland was confined to the house for weeks by a feverish cold, which she seemed unable to shake off.

Through the long hours she had spent in keeping close watch and ward over John Martin she had worn the boots in which she had tramped all the morning up and down the slushy wharves at Hull; and this obstinate cold on her lungs was the result.

The poor in her father's parish missed her cruelly, especially as the Rector himself at this time gave only a divided allegiance to his duties; but at length a brisk young curate appeared at Quilter's Common, a glutton for work, who was ready and willing, if it had been required of him, to take the entire charge of the parish, the sick and poor, the schools, workmen's clubs, and church services included.

During this time Tryan was compelled to visit Dora Valland occasionally on matters connected with his trust. But he always drove over, coming straight up the Hull road to the Rectory, and returning by the same route, thus lessening the chances of meeting the Quilter's Common folk, more especially those who lived at the lower end of the village towards the railway station.

In a roundabout way Thir heard of these visits. Her love was staunch and loyal, yet the knowledge added another dull pain to her aching heart, though she had now learned to wear her rue with a smile which deceived everybody but Teddy Greenbury.

Perhaps the reason why it did not deceive him was because he was going through the same experience himself, learning how to hide his trouble so thoroughly that even those nearest and dearest to him never guessed its existence.

The repairs and improvements at the old Hall had gone steadily forward—except now and again when the frost interfered for a day or two with the masonry work—and the picturesque old house was beginning to look the better, both inside and out, for the time and money that were being spent upon it. People still wondered and puzzled over the individuality of the rich owner, who was showing such admirable self-restraint and taste in the matter of restoration.

The Greenburys were exceedingly busy in the preparation of Muriel's trousseau, whose marriage was to take place the last week in April. Major Darncombe was constantly finding excuses for running over to Quilter's Common; and he never returned to Beverley without paying his respects to the ladies at Dale Cottage. By-and-by the secret of these constant visits came out, and, if it caused surprise in some people's mind, it gave nothing but complacent satisfaction to others.

One bright morning towards the middle of April Tryan Cambray had gone over from Hull to Beverley to call upon Major Darncombe to consult him on some business connected with Miss Valland's affairs. No one but himself knew how the past three months of compulsory attendance on his old comrade had fretted and worried him.

But, thank Heaven, it was nearly over now! In another fortnight Dora Valland's money-matters would be nearly settled, and Tryan had booked his passage in the transatlantic steamer leaving on the first of May without any prickings of conscience regarding his promise to poor Sidney Popiett.

When Tryan reached the Major's quarters he found Miller in possession, busily discussing the arrangements for his wedding-day; so there was nothing for Tryan to do but to sit quietly down and await his turn.

Darncombe was to be "best man" on the happy occasion—Teddy was to give his sister away—so he was devoting close attention to questions of detail, working away with a pencil and a sheet of foolscap, and industriously keeping his cigar alight at the same time.

"You'll find the cigars on the table in the bed-room, old man," he said; "and, if you're dry, there's whiskey and seltzer on the shelf, or claret if you like that better."

So Tryan provided himself with a smoke and a drink, sat down in a comfortable camp-chair, and listened indolently to the conversation.

Presently Darncombe turned to him.

"Which bridesmaid will you take out of church, Cambray?"—for Tryan had found it impossible to get out of going to the wedding. "I can't offer you Miss Valland, because she isn't coming—doesn't feel strong enough to go through all the excitement, she says—and I can't offer you Jean Greenbury, because, although I should have preferred it otherwise, I've got to observe the etiquette of the occasion and take her myself. But there's Miller's sister, and Miss Bright, and the Doctor's little daughter left to choose from; which will you have?"

"Oh, give me Nancy Clapper!" replied Tryan negligently. "I'm not up to making myself agreeable to a strange young woman."

"Then have Miss Bright," advised the Major.

"No; I should only bore her with my bad spirits, old man."

The two men at the table glanced at Tryan, but said nothing. There was a very general feeling of sympathy for Cambray among the military men at Beverley. At the old hall in past times he had been an ideal young host, hospitable, thoughtful, and scrupulously attentive to the slightest wish of his guests; and, if there had been neither splendor nor prodigality in his entertainment, there had always been plenty and comfort, a warm welcome, and first-rate sport.

There was no more universally popular man at the mess-tables on guest nights, and no more thoroughly welcome drop-in at the various officers' quarters in their leisure time.

"Well, Miss Nancy will certainly not tax her cavalier," observed Miller, with a laugh; "she is the most talkative young person I can call to mind! I wonder where she gets it from—that gift of the gab? There's not much fear of the conversation flagging when she is anywhere about!"

"Her father is a little that way inclined," observed Tryan—"one of your chatty men—picks the trick up among the old women he visits, I suppose."

"Seems a trick of the trade," muttered the Major, with his teeth closed on his cigar. "I rode a short railway-journey with a doctor fellow a little while ago, and I give you my word I never got a syllable in edgeways from start to finish!"

Miller and Tryan laughed, as if they rather entered into the spirit of the situation.

"Not but what he had something to talk about, mind you," added the Major, calmly regardless of the laugh and what it implied; "it was a very interesting case he was describing."

"That's the worst of doctors," interposed Miller, as Darncombe paused to find out why his cigar was not drawing—"they never can get away from their shop! I wonder how it would go down if we were to introduce the drilling of recruits and the discipline of the regiment as topics of general conversation!"

"Well, this really was a curious thing he was telling me," said the Major. "But don't frighten yourselves; I won't inflict it upon you since you don't care about it. I say, Miller, how about the bridesmaids' bracelets? There isn't much time to lose, you know."

The conversation returned to the wedding details, and the Major's pencil sped gaily over the paper. But the memory of Doctor Mack's story, once recalled, lingered in his mind all through the day, and produced results he little dreamed of.

"By the bye, Miller," said Tryan presently, "I don't believe I've ever offered you the usual felicitations, old man! You've my best wishes for the venture—comfort and happiness and all the rest of it, you know!"

"Thanks, old fellow!" returned Miller equably.

"While you're about it with your congratulations, Cambray, you may as well do the civil by me," observed the Major. "I'm an engaged young man. Of course this isn't such a romantic affair as if I were ten or fifteen years younger; all the same,

I want to get all the good I can out of it, don't you see?"

"Why, certainly!" exclaimed Tryan. "Why not, indeed?" He rose from his seat, and began a close inspection of the photographs on the mantelpiece, smoking vigorously the while, which rather interfered with the continuity of his sentences. "I'm sure I—congratulate—you with all—my heart! I suppose I can—guess at—the lady, Darncombe?"

And Darncombe, thinking that his friend had already heard the details from some one else, supposed he could.

"I think you were rather a favorite at Dale Cottage yourself before you left Quilter's Common," he said cheerily. "Thir often talks of you, at any rate."

Tryan's heart began to thump violently. For a moment a horrible fear possessed him that he was going to make an exhibition of himself and that she would hear of it; and he knew it would grieve her to know that her engagement had caused him so much suffering. This thought steadied him: he must so act that she would feel assured that her marriage would be no blow to him.

"It is very good of her to remember me," he said, still peering closely at the photograph in front of him, utterly ignorant of what it was supposed to represent. "I don't think she is the sort of girl to forget her friends easily. The next time you go over please make my compliments to them all, and say how thoroughly glad I am about—this news of yours."

It was over, and he had got through it better than he had expected.

"You've some first-rate photographs here, Darncombe," he went on, with a sense of relief. "Taken in Egypt most of them, weren't they? I suppose it's the clearness of the atmosphere out there that brings them out so well?"

He was astonished to hear himself talking rationally. He felt at first that his calmness savored of disloyalty to Thir; but he knew this was sentimental nonsense—he knew he could not better prove the reality of his love for her than by an unselfish acquiescence in what was so palpably for her real good.

The conventional talk then went quietly on, neither Darncombe nor Miller imagining for a moment the effort it cost their companion to make rational remarks or replies during the rest of the interview.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM Darncombe's quarters Tryan drove straight to call on Dora; and it was only when he found himself beyond the barrack boundaries, out on the open roads, and at liberty to throw off the restraint he had been putting on himself for the past quarter of an hour, that Tryan knew what that restraint had cost him.

Ever since the meeting with Thir on the night of the ball he had been preparing himself for the news he had heard that morning, and yet it had unhinged him as thoroughly as if it had come upon him unawares.

He had imagined that he knew exactly how he would feel when the formal announcement of the engagement between his little sweetheart and Darncombe was made—a tender brotherly satisfaction at knowing that she was to be the wife of such a thoroughly good fellow—a man who would cherish and guard her as the apple of his eye.

That was how he had imagined he would feel; but now, as he contrasted what he had imagined with what he really felt, he laughed a loud ironical laugh which startled the horse he was driving, and made the intelligent brute prick up his ears and glance from side to side, as if he feared something uncanny might be lurking behind the low quick-set hedges.

His bonny brown-eyed sweet-lipped darling another man's fiancee! His winsome little comforter, his merry, true, staunch-hearted little champion the wife of somebody else!

He remembered how, if he was in low spirits, she used to look into his eyes with an expression of honest, tender, frank love, and gently and slowly draw his face down until she could reach it with her lips. Ah, Heaven, what those pure sweet kisses had been to him! And to think that now perhaps she——

The thought was such torture to him that he shrank from thinking it out to the end. He set his teeth firmly, and urged the horse out of its usual pace, as if he hoped by that means to leave his tormenting meditations behind.

The sight of the work-people busy about his old home added to his misery; and, with their hearty chorus of "Good days!" ringing in his ears—for the new owner had insisted that as much of the work as was possible should be done by the village workmen—he told himself that, even if nothing else had stood in their way, Thir's money would have been an insuperable obstacle; for he had found out by this time what a very rich young woman she was.

In this weary hopeless state of mind, reckless with misery, he went into the presence of the woman who had accused him of wrecking her whole life.

Very little more than a wreck she looked, as she reclined among the cushions by a large fire in the drawing-room. The warm white cashmere wrap she wore was not more colorless than her fair skin; and her long trying confinement to the house, while adding a new fragility to her appearance, had softened the hard worn look which had been so noticeable during the winter.

Tryan often felt so guilty in her presence that scarcely any motive but the desire to keep faith with the dead would have driven him there. Tryan Cambray's word however was his bond, more especially when it was only himself who suffered in keeping it.

"Still on the couch?" he said gently, as he entered the room. They had long since lost the stiff constraint which had marked the first meeting after their long estrangement. "I almost hoped to find you in the garden this sunny morning."

She shook her head with a slight smile.

"I was tempted myself," she said: "but Doctor Clapper advised me not to be too venturesome. There was a touch of east in the wind, he said; 'More haste less speed' was truer of recovery from congestion of the lungs than anything else; a day's hurry now might mean a month's delay in the end. That frightened me into patience."

"Yes—I should think so," he replied, and subdued into silence, pulling off his driving gloves and staring absently into the fire.

She saw the fresh cloud on his face, and wondered, with a touch of fear. Nowadays, with her double secret on her mind, it took very little to alarm her.

"The Rector has gone to Beverley," she said. "He took advantage of your coming, knowing I should not be lonely. Did you meet him on the road?"

"No, perhaps he went by the higher road."

"Or perhaps he had arrived before you started. It is an hour since he left. I suppose you know it is settled that my father's marriage comes off in June?"

"No—I had not heard." For a moment he turned to her with a look of sympathy. "The fact is," he added, "that, now the time of my departure is so near, I seem to have lost count altogether of the news of Quilter's Common. I sail on the first of May."

"Is it quite settled?"

"Oh, yes—quite!" Then, with another glance at her pale face—"I'm afraid leaving the old house will be rather a wrench to you!"

"Yes—I shall feel it—more perhaps than I dream of," she replied, putting her handkerchief up to her lips—to hide their trembling, he thought.

"The air is full of weddings," he went on, making an effort to seem brighter. He was telling himself that it was abominable of him to bring a dismal face into the presence of one who was recovering from a long tedious illness. "When I arrived at Darncombe's quarters this morning, I found him and Miller busy arranging the procession for the twenty-ninth; and I come on here, and the first thing you speak of is another wedding."

"And there is still another," she said. "Did Major Darncombe say nothing of his own?"

"Yes," he muttered, his face flushing—"he told me." And, as he spoke, he dropped one of his gloves, stooping to pick it up, then crossed the room to put them on a table.

Dora, accustomed to his every look and tone, watched the manœuvre with surprise. Then she suddenly comprehended, and a faint flush swept across her pale cheeks, and a gleam, which looked almost like the birth of a sudden hope, lighted up her whole face. But by the time he turned again she had apparently recovered her usual equanimity.

"Oh, he did tell you!" she said, as if she were surprised. "Did it seem just a—a little quick to you? It did to me."

"No," he responded very quietly and steadily. "I had known it was coming for a long time. Miss Bright herself told me of it months ago." It was the first time that Thir's name had been mentioned between them since that day in Hull, and Dora eagerly seized the opportunity it offered her.

"Did she? Oh, how could she? I beg your pardon"—she broke off with shrinking humility, as if she had suddenly remembered herself—"I forgot. This is a subject which you would scarcely care to discuss with me."

"No—you are right," he returned; "but, as we are on it, let me tell you that I don't feel that Miss Bright has wronged me in the least in this matter. I think that would be the quintessence of selfishness, to begrudge her happiness because I can't share it with her."

"And perhaps now," she murmured, with her hands clasped in front of her, and her eyes fixed upon his with a yearning passionate entreaty which held him against his will—"perhaps now, Tryan, now that you find I have not destroyed her happiness for ever, you will find it a little easier to make some faint excuse for me—for what I did?"

"I did that long ago," he replied, with quiet decision. "Believing what you did believe, and feeling as you did, that I had done you almost the bitterest wrong a man could do a woman, I think what you did was—well"—pausing, as if he hardly knew what word to use—"we will say—excusable in a woman of your disposition."

"Thank you," she whispered, pressing her hands to her throat, as if determined to repress any sign of emotion—"thank you so much for saying that, Tryan! I think it will help me to get well more than all the sunshine. The thought of your resentment has been a very bitter burden to me all these months. Will you let me say that I no longer believe in the accusation I made that terrible night? Perhaps, even at the time, I did not positively believe it; but I persuaded myself that I did, and my mad hopeless pain and jealousy convinced me that I did for the time actually believe what I said."

"Thank you," he said quietly. "It is worth a great deal to hear you say that, though of course it can make no difference now."

"No—it can make no difference now," she echoed, with a sigh. "Life—the life that is worth having—is over for both of us; and the cruellest part of it is that the person who spoiled our lives so utterly goes on her way rejoicing, never giving a thought to the wrecks she has left behind."

Tryan's love rose up in arms against this representation of the case, and his first impulse was to defend Thir from this accusation of heartlessness; but the facts seemed a little too strong for him, and he was silent.

"You must not give way to that idea—that your life is over," he said after a pause, with grave friendliness. "Nothing will work against your recovery so much. You will meet the ideal man of your dreams yet, and be very happy with him."

"I have already met him," she said very softly; "I have already met that ideal man of my dreams; and that never happens twice in any woman's life."

Though the words were not a reproach in themselves, they appeared like one to him as he gazed at her white face, with its expression of mental suffering; and, when two large tears rolled slowly down her wasted cheeks, he felt as if he were really the murderer she had once accused him of being.

He rose from his chair and began to pace up and down the room, possessed by a wild impulse of explation.

His was such a useless life. There was not a creature in the whole world who cared what became of him, or who could be the better or the happier for his existence, but this one stricken woman: and she—if her words were to be believed—was dying because she did not care to make the effort to live without him.

It almost seemed that he had the power to bid her live or die. He could not love her, but, if she would be satisfied with affectionate regard, why should he not put his personal feelings into the background, and devote his life to making reparation for the harm his heedlessness had inflicted upon her?

"I suppose I was born under an unlucky star," she said, with vehement bitterness; "surely nothing can be harder to bear than the knowledge that one has caused misery where one wished to do nothing but good! It seems impossible that you should care to have anything to do with me, knowing what you do of my affection for another woman; and yet, if it would give you any comfort to have me near you——"

He stopped abruptly; a sudden thought of Thir silenced the words he was about to utter. It was no use of his telling himself that it was Thir who had set the example of fickleness: his heart refused to be led by his head, and vindicated her in opposition to his reason. But he had gone too far to draw back.

"Dora, will you give me time?" he asked, shrinking from the inevitable plunge, and little dreaming of the bitter disappointment that abrupt pause had been to her. "I can't lie to you in such a matter as this. So long as Thirza Bright is unmarried, I can't give a thought to another woman. Give me time to get over this weak folly, wait until she is another man's wife, and——"

"And then you will come and sigh over my grave," she interposed, with a sad weary smile, "and wish things had gone differently, and feel a touch of passing sorrow for the woman who was fool enough to die for the love of you."

"Well, then," he began, with a gesture of renunciation, "it shall be as you wish! The next time I come over I will speak to the Rector.—Only, Dora, be merciful to me for a little while; don't ask me to be effusive in my love-making; don't ask more of me than I can honestly offer you. And in time perhaps—— Hush—there is the trap stopping at the gate! The Rector is back. Let me go now, Dora. I can't speak to him to-day—I am too excited and flurried—I should only set him wondering. Good-bye! I will come over to-morrow, or the day after, at latest. Good-bye? No—don't move! I shall manage better if you are not there."

He turned to go without even a hand-shake, and the door closed behind him. As she stood erect in the centre of the room—she kept her couch during Tryan's visits more than at any other time—trembling with the excitement of the past few minutes, she heard him bidding her father "Good day" in the hall, and wished with all her soul that she had the hardiness to follow him, and force on the denouement there and then.

But her tardy womanliness shrank blushed from this reckless step, and she waited, with her hands pressed to her beating heart, listening to the voice of the man she had risked and dared so much to win, with a terrible look of soul-hunger in her weary eyes.

"Is it possible that he will ever love me?" she muttered, "Is it possible?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON the afternoon of the same day, Major Darncombe drove over to Quilter's Common, and, after putting his conveyance up at the Wheatsheaf, went on towards Dale Cottage.

Thir, in thick boots and gloves and a big hat, was dibbling up the daisy roots on the lawn; but, when she saw the tall soldierly figure at the gate, she threw down her dibble and ran to meet him, putting her hand within his arm with a charming air of confidence.

"Nobody is visible but me," she said. "You are a little earlier than usual. Aunt Carry is next door, being 'tried on,' and Aunt Polly is superintending the operation. I reckon you'll have to compensate yourself with my society a while till the ceremony is over."

"I reckon I'll make shift somehow," he replied; and she pinched his arm as a sign that she understood what his frivolity meant.

"She's going to look real smart at the wedding, I tell you," she went on, accentuating her pronouns in her own peculiar manner. "We had a down-right fight over choosing the material for the gown; the young man behind the counter looked fair scared; I'm of opinion he thought we should get to blows before we'd done."

"And did you?"

"No; but I had to pretend I was going to cry with disappointment before I got my own way. She wanted to have a brown moire, like Aunt Polly's. Fancy—brown!"

"And what did she have instead?" asked the Major, with an air of profound interest.

"Oh, I can't just describe the color—it's a sort of soft pale grayish green, with bunches of tiny primroses all over it; and the bonnet is to be all primroses to match!"

"Sounds awfully pretty."

"It is just too dainty for anything! We poor bridesmaids will be nowhere."

"By-the-bye, that reminds me!" He turned and looked at her, with an air of sudden recollection. "What have you done to Tryan Cambray, young lady?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE entire wealth of this country is roughly estimated at $65,000,000,000.

SPRING'S COMING.

BY L. P. D.

No more above us cold, gray clouds bend low;
From icy thralldom wakes the woodland rill,
While hill and valley, sun-kist, pulse and thrill
With teeming life. Red buds upon gray branches glow
Within deep forest glades; and there soft breezes blow,
Well laden with sweet odors, caught at will
From whitely gleaming blossoms on yon hill—
Plum-blossoms, delicately fragrant-white as snow.
Anon yet deeper, richer tints shall glint and gleam
In wood and vale, and on the mountain slope,
In sweeter tones shall sing the rippling stream,
When over all earth's wide-extended scope
Dame Nature's lavish brush has wrought a dream,
Replete with witching imagery of Hope.

The Ivory Pass.

BY T. W. S.

IN THE year to which this narrative refers there was no more popular passenger guard on the Great South-Northern Railway than David Finch. Not only was he liked by his fellow-guards, he had also the good fortune to stand high in the esteem of the chief officers of his department, while the number of tips of which he was the recipient might be taken as a fair indication of his popularity with the traveling public.

David's duties lay chiefly in connection with one or other of the mail or express trains, one of them, which was worked by him every third week, being known as "the 5.15 P. M. fast."

By the train in question Mr. Greening, the cashier at headquarters, was in the habit once a month of forwarding to the cashier at Lowcastle a sum of money wherewith to pay the salaries of the staff, not merely at Lowcastle itself, but at a number of minor stations further down the line. The amount thus forwarded averaged little short of a thousand pounds, and, with the exception of twenty pounds' worth of silver, consisted wholly of sovereigns and half-sovereigns. It was locked up in a strong box clamped with iron, of which Mr. Greening held one key and the Lowcastle cashier another.

On a certain autumn afternoon as daylight was fading into dusk and the terminus lamps were being lighted, two porters brought the box containing the monthly salaries out of Mr. Greening's office and deposited it in David Finch's van, which was in the rear of the 5.15 train, and in accordance with their instructions, did not lose sight of the van till the train was fairly under way.

Besides the box the van contained a considerable quantity of passengers' luggage, together with quite a heap of official correspondence and documents of various kinds, which it was a part of David's duty to sort in readiness for distribution at the different stations down the line to which they were addressed.

Bunningfield, twelve miles away and the first stopping-place, was reached in due course. Here David quitted his van as usual in order to attend to his passengers, in conjunction with his fellow-guard, whose van was next the engine. As he stepped on to the platform he did not neglect to shut his van door behind him.

For the ensuing three minutes all was hurry and apparent confusion, then the watchful driver got his signal, and a couple of seconds later the wheels of the engine began to revolve. David, who had been having a last word with the station-master, swung himself with the surety which comes of long practice on to the footboard of his van as it was passing him, and on opening the door, was on the point of stepping inside when he was startled as he had rarely been startled before by finding two men there, both of whom were utter strangers to him. He paused, with one foot on the step and the door in his hand, and then involuntarily his glance went past the men to the cash-box in the corner, which, however, was there, to all appearance just as he had left it.

Then he said sternly:

"Gentlemen, you ought to know that you have no business here—in fact, nobody has any right here but myself. I must stop the train and you must at once change into an ordinary compartment."

As he spoke he put up an arm and laid his hand on the cord of communication between his van and the engine. By this time it was quite dark outside, and the only light was that shed by the lamp in the roof the van.

"Stop, stop, my good man," said the elder of the two strangers, as he laid a restraining hand on David's arm. "Not quite so fast, if you please. I suppose you don't know who I am? I thought not. Well, I am Mr. Medwin, the recently elected director, and here is my authority for traveling by any train and in any vehicle which may suit my convenience."

As he spoke he extracted from his waistcoat pocket an ivory disc about the size of a two-shilling piece, stamped on one side with the bearer's name, and on the other with that of the particular railway for which it was available, the whole forming a special kind of pass, common to most of the leading lines, but the use of which is restricted to the directors and chief officials of the service.

"My purpose this evening," resumed Mr. Medwin, "is to travel in your van as far as Lowcastle. I am projecting certain reforms in various departments, and am desirous of obtaining as much experience and of picking up as much information at first hand as I possibly can, so that I shall probably have a few questions to put to you by-and-by. This gentleman is my amanuensis."

Evidently there was nothing left for David to say or do. The situation was not of his choosing; he could only submit and make the best of it.

Both the strangers were gentlemanly-looking, well-dressed men, and there was nothing about them calculated to create the slightest suspicion in David's mind that they were other than what Mr. Medwin had asserted them to be. The younger of the two now proceeded to light a cigarette, while Mr. Medwin, standing under the lamp with his legs a little way apart, employed himself in making entries in his note-book, as well as the jolting of the train would allow of his doing. David turned his back on them, and began the sorting of his papers.

* * * * * *

A crushing blow on the head, darkness and insensibility.

A couple of minutes passed after David recovered consciousness before he could call to mind what had happened to him. Then it all came back to him in a flash. He was seated on the floor of the van, his back supported by a pile of luggage, and still feeling strangely sick and dizzy. A little distance away were the two men—the sham director and his so-called amanuensis—who were bending over the cash-box and trying to force it open by means of a small "jemmy" which the younger of the two had produced from the black leather-bag he had brought with him into the van.

Everything was clear to David now. The whole affair was nothing less than a skilfully-planned and daringly-executed scheme of robbery, and although the thieves had not yet succeeded in getting away with their booty, there seemed to be nothing to hinder them from doing so when the proper moment should arrive. There was a long down-grade tunnel into Lowcastle station through which the trains always ran at a greatly reduced speed, a fact of which the rogues would doubtless take advantage to risk a leap from the van and so get clear away with their spoil.

It made his blood boil to realize how helpless he was, for during the time he had been unconscious they had bound his wrists and ankles with some pieces of stout cord which it was not unlikely they had brought with them for that purpose.

Presently the efforts of the men proved successful. The lid of the box was prised open and the contents, in little bags of fifty sovereigns each, lay exposed to their greedy gaze. But before touching the money they turned and confronted their prisoner.

"Look here, my friend," said the self-styled director, "no harm shall happen to you as long as you keep quiet and take matters as you find them. Neither can your employers in fairness hold you responsible for——"

He was interrupted by the other man.

"The train is slackening speed!" he exclaimed. "What's the meaning of it? We are timed not to stop till we reach Lowcastle."

The question was pointedly addressed to Finch.

"We are going up Shanbrook Down," answered the latter, "which is always a heavy pull for the engine. We shall be at the summit in five or six minutes, after which we shall go ahead again at full full."

The men looked at each other and seemed satisfied. Then the first one spoke again.

"As I was saying, the company can't in common fairness hold you responsible for this night's work. Any other guard in your place would have acted as you did. Remember, we are desperate men running a desperate risk, so do you take my advice and make the best of circumstances as they are; otherwise, I've a little article here which I shall not hesitate to use should you put me under the painful necessity of doing so."

As he spoke he drew from his hip-pocket a small revolver, and for a couple of seconds David felt its cold barrel pressed against his forehead. Then, with a meaning nod, the fellow turned away and together the two began to transfer the bags of sovereigns from the box to the black bag.

* * * * * *

Now, just on the brow of the Shanbrook incline there was a signal-box, and David felt nearly sure that from the top of the short flight of steps which gave access to it a certain face would be peering into the darkness with the sole object of obtaining a momentary glimpse of him as the train forged past at half speed—which face was to him the dearest in the world.

The fact was that David's sweetheart, Lucy Ford, who was in a situation at Lowcastle, happened just then to be at home for her holidays. Lucy's parents lived in the village of Shanbrook, and her brother Ned was one of the two men who, turn and turn about, had charge of the incline signal-box. Lucy, knowing that this was David's week for working the "5.15 fast," made a point of carrying her brother's supper to him, and of so timing matters as to reach the box about five minutes before the train in question was due, after which she would station herself on the little platform outside in readiness for the train.

Then would David's head, and half his body to boot, be protruded from the van-window, and a wave of the hand and a cheery "good night" would be exchanged between the lovers as the train sped on its way. Would Lucy be on the look-out for him to-night? was the anxious query David now put to himself.

Lucy was on the look-out. But scarcely had the train passed before she burst into the signal-box, turning on her brother a frightened face from which every vestige of color had fled.

"Oh! Ned, Ned," she cried, "something has happened to Dave—I'm sure there has! He wasn't looking out for me as usual, so as the van passed I could see right into it, and there he was, sitting on the floor, with a patch of blood on the right side of his head, his eyes straining as if to catch sight of me, and his face was as white as a sheet. And there were two men at the back of the van, bending over something, whose faces I couldn't see. There's been foul play, I'm sure there has," added the girl with a sudden break in her voice. "Ned, Ned, what's to be done?"

Ned stared at his sister like one who feared she had taken leave of her senses. He was a well-meaning but somewhat stolid and slow-witted young fellow. He had been appointed to his present position only a few weeks before and was still somewhat puffed up by a sense of his own importance.

Although startled and vaguely alarmed by Lucy's statement, couched as it was in such positive terms, he did not in the least doubt that her eyes had played her false, and so he proceeded to give her plainly to understand.

But the bare possibility of such a thing was indignantly scouted by Lucy. The scene inside the van had impressed itself on her brain with the vividness of an instantaneous photograph. All she could do was to urge her brother to at once telegraph a warning message to Claypool, the next station, whence it would be passed on to Lowcastle. But this Ned positively refused to do.

He was naturally of a timorous disposition, and was by no means minded to take upon himself so great a responsibility on what seemed to him such very insufficient grounds. As likely as not, as he said a little sulkily, his doing so might result in dismissal from the service.

The express goods was due, he had his signals to attend to and she mustn't bother him any longer. Lucy made one last appeal to him, but to no purpose. He bade her a curt good-night and turned his back on her. The girl wrung her hands in despair as she went slowly down the steps that led from the box.

Three minutes later the express goods panted slowly and then came to a stand about a score yards from the box. Ned Ford had not yet received the notification from Claypool that the 5.15 fast had passed that station, and till he should receive it the goods train could not proceed on its way.

Lucy, scarcely knowing what she was about, such was the conflict of emotions at work within her, had mechanically taken the footway which led from the signal-box by the side of the hedge that skirted the line in the direction of Shanbrook village, but when the goods train came to a stand she too, for no conscious reason, did the same.

At the point where she was standing she faced the guard's van in the rear of the train. She knew that in the course of a minute or two, it might be in the course of a few seconds, her brother would receive the signal "line clear," and the goods train would then be allowed to go on its way.

Then all at once, where but a moment before there had been a great darkness, she saw her way clear before her. A low cry broke from her lips. Hastily parting the prickly branches of the hedge, she contrived to squeeze her way through, and then ran swiftly down the embankment and so round the rear of the train to the opposite side.

Scarcely had she achieved this before the engine gave vent to a shrill whistle as a notice to the guard to take off the brake. The wished-for signal had been given them; they were at liberty to proceed on their journey. Lucy had barely time to spring on to the footboard of the van and grasp with both hands the bar which ran along its side before there came a preliminary jerk at the leading truck which was repeated from one to another along the length of the train, till, last of all, it reached the van and all but shook poor Lucy off her perch.

Then the train began to gather way, and a few seconds later the signal-box was left behind, the guard, all unconscious of Lucy's presence on the other side, calling out from his van a gruff "good-night" to Ned Ford as he passed.

The train, now it had crossed the brow of the down, gathered momentum second by second, and was soon speeding through the darkness at the rate of forty miles an hour. Lucy, half kneeling, half crouching on the footboard, had wound her left arm tightly round the bar, while the fingers of her right hand clung to it with grim tenacity. It was a frightfully insecure position for one who was certainly not intended by nature to be the heroine of any such adventure. But what cannot love accomplish!

Presently her sailor hat blew off and was lost for ever. Then the wind caught her hair in its unseen fingers, and tearing it from its fastenings, sent it streaming out in a wild tangle behind her. But Lucy only set her little white teeth harder than before, seeing in her mind's eye nothing save her lover's ghastly face and straining eyes and the splash of blood just above his right temple.

The distance from Shanbrook signal-box to Claypool station is four miles and a half. The express goods was not booked to stop at the latter place, and unless it should be blocked by signal owing to its following so close on the heels of the passenger-train, Lucy would be compelled to go on with it to West Overton, six miles further.

Fortunately for her the Claypool signals were set against it as it rounded the last curve before steaming through the station, causing the driver to bring his train up with a jolt and a jerk as though enraged at his enforced detention.

With a heart-breathed thanksgiving, Lucy slipped off her perch, but not till two or three minutes had gone by could her cramped limbs be persuaded into doing her bidding. A little later she was telling her story to Mr. Twyford, the Claypool station-master, a prompt and energetic official, who was inclined to take a very different view of the affair from that take by Mr. Ned Ford.

"Look out for rear van of 5.15 fast. Thieves supposed to be at work."

Such was the message telegraphed to Lowcastle by Mr. Twyford within five minutes of his setting eyes on Lucy Ford.

Meanwhile, however, matters inside the van had taken an unexpected turn.

* * * * * *

Having transferred the whole of the cash from the box to their bag, our two rogues, finding themselves with some spare time on their hands, turned their at-

tention to the passengers' luggage, among which was a Saratoga trunk bearing the superscription of "Lady Silverdale." Surely among the belongings of so notable a personage there ought to be some little knick-knacks worth appropriating! Accordingly the "sweet persuasion" of the Jemmy was presently brought to bear on her ladyship's trunk.

It was while they were thus engaged that David Finch became aware of the presence of some hard substance interposed between his right leg and the floor of the van. Then he called to mind that at the moment he was struck down he was in the act of cutting the string he had just tied round a packet of documents to be left by him at Lowcastle Station.

The substance in question, he was now convinced, must be his pocket-knife which had dropped from his fingers when he was attacked. If only he could get possession of it! But how?

He did not wait to answer the question, but there and then began to wriggle the lower part of his body with an almost imperceptible movement, and at the same time to dilate and contract the muscles of his leg. Two minutes later the half of the knife had worked itself into view.

While thus employed, David, as a matter of course, kept a wary eye on the thieves, but so convinced were they of his helplessness, and so intent were they on what they were about, that several minutes passed without their bestowing as much as a glance on him.

Although David was tightly bound at the wrists and ankles, in other respects he was free. Watching his opportunity, he succeeded, by extending his arms and bending forward the upper part of his body, in gaining possession of the knife. "But now that I've got it, what better off am I?" he asked himself a moment later.

He was powerless to use it. His wrists were so tied that it was out of the question he could himself cut the cord that bound them; and although, had he been alone, he might perhaps have contrived to sever the cord that held his ankles, placed as he was it would have been impossible to do so without attracting attention to what he was about.

For a few moments his heart felt as heavy as lead—heavier than before his discovery of the knife. His chin drooped forward on his breast and hope died within him.

Then, all in a moment, a flash of inspiration—nothing less did it seem—came to him. Bending forward as before, with the knife grasped by the fingers of his right hand, he succeeded in wedging the haft of it into the interstice formed by the hollows of his ankles, the cord with which his ankles were bound holding them firmly together.

The knife, as already stated, was open, and the protruding blade was nearly as sharp as a razor. A quarter of a minute sufficed to sever the ligature that held David's wrists, after which it was the work of only a few more seconds to cut the cord which confined his lower limbs. Once more he was a free man.

Not for his life, however, durst he just then have made any further movement, not till he should have more fully recovered the use of his hands and feet, numbed and deadened by the tightness of his bonds.

Once the younger of the two men glanced round, but seeing no change in David's position, and failing to notice that his cords were cut, he turned again to what he was engaged upon and concerned himself no further about his prisoner.

By this time the lid of Lady Silverdale's trunk had been forced and inside it had been found an article which bore a suspicious resemblance to a jewel case.

The men, as they bent over it, were agog with expectation. The revolver with which the elder man had threatened David had been placed by him on another trunk, ready to his hand in case of need.

The moment for action had come. Silent as a shadow, David rose to his feet. It was the work of a second to grip each of the men by the neck, send them crashing head foremost into the Saratoga trunk and jam the lid down on them.

When, startled nearly out of their wits, they contrived to extricate themselves, it was to find themselves confronted by a stern-eyed man, grasping a revolver which was pointed full at them.

"Come one step nearer, and the first who does so is a dead man!" exclaimed David. "Back you go into that corner, and stir from there at your peril."

With ashen faces and trembling limbs, they did as they were ordered. There was that in Finch's bearing which convinced them he was not to be trifled with, and that if they wished to keep a whole skin they had better do as they were told. Besides which, they were craven at heart, as such scoundrels nearly always are.

* * * * * *

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Mr. Pilbeach, the Lowcastle station-master, as he read the message which had been telegraphed from Claypool. "That's the train the salaries come by. Our best plan will be to take time by the forlock and go and meet it."

Before ten minutes had gone by the yard shunting engine was carrying Mr. Pilbeach and some half-dozen of his staff through the tunnel. At the further end they alighted and the engine was sent back.

Before leaving the station orders had been given the signalman to block the down line, by which means the 5 15 would be pulled up just before entering the tunnel. Then Mr. Pilbeach so disposed his men that they would be able to take possession of the rear van almost before the train should have come to a stand.

Great, however, was the surprise of that official when, on boarding the van, which he was the first to do, he found Dave Finch keeping guard with a revolver over two cowering wretches, whose bravado, now that the tables had been so completely turned on them, had given place to the most abject fear. A pair of handcuffs for each of them was quickly forthcoming.

The elder of the two rascals proved to be a notorious rogue who had plied his calling, in one or other of its branches, for a number of years, and was well acquainted with the interior of more than one of her Majesty's prisons.

The ivory pass put by him to such an ingenious, if nefarious, use proved to be a genuine one. About a week previously Mr. Medwin's bedroom in a certain London hotel had been surreptitiously entered in the middle of the night, and the ivory pass had been one of the articles stolen on that occasion.

* * * * *

The marriage of David Finch and Lucy Ford took place some three months after the events herein narrated. The grant of fifty guineas awarded Lucy by the Directors of the Company enabled the young couple to set up housekeeping in comfortable style.

BORROWING AND LENDING.

CHARLES LAMB'S whimsical division of mankind into two classes—the borrowers and the lenders—answers admirably for the poor folk at least. They are all either the one or the other, though of course there are different grades in each category.

"I should say there is nothing that cannot be borrowed in some neighborhoods," remarked a gentleman who has special facilities for acquiring information on this subject.

"I have known beds borrowed many times for the accommodation of relatives on a visit, and I once knew a money-lender taken in nicely by a man who furnished his house pro tem. with his neighbor's goods.

"One day, when I was in a little shop, I heard a woman ask the mistress whether she was going to do any baking. 'No,' she said, 'I don't think I shall.' 'Then,' put in the other, 'you might lend me your bread tins.'

"After that they went on chatting about something else. Presently the 'customer' said, 'Oh, if you're not going to bake, you'll not be using your oven; so you might pop in a few loaves for me. I don't want to make up a fire!'

"The shopkeeper seemed to think that this was carrying neighborliness a little too far; but she did not refuse to do the baking.

"I remember a woman who acquired a wringing machine somehow. Well, for months—until, in fact, it was broken—the neighbors used to flock in her back yard and use it just as freely as if it were their own.

"What people would do if they could not borrow for a christening or a funeral—particularly a funeral—I cannot imagine. I suppose the course pursued by a woman I know would become pretty general.

"When her husband died, the neighbors, for certain reasons, would not lend her any cups, saucers, plates, etc. So—thanks to the club money—she hired a wagon, in which the 'mourners,' with the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of the deceased, were taken to some public gardens, where all had tea and enjoyed themselves quite as much as if they had spent the evening in the widow's house. I believe the woman was rather proud of this event, and thought that the dear departed must have been pleased with his own funeral. She promised to do even better next time, too.

"Not long ago a friend of mine who owns some property caught a tenant removing a harmonium, by far the most valuable thing he possessed. As a certain sum for rent was owing, he interfered, asking whether the man intended to run away.

"'It's all right,' he said; 'I'm only lending it to So-and-so for the funeral to-morrow.'

"If a harmonium can be borrowed for a funeral, what cannot be borrowed? I have known a man to draw on the wardrobes of three friends in order to follow a relative to the grave, and, in fact, nearly all the mourners at some funerals are in borrowed plumes.

"The most troublesome possessions, in poor neighborhoods, are tea urns, silk hats, and christening robes or shawls. If I lived in some districts I have in mind, I would not have one of those things in the house—or I should say, I would not own one of them, for if I did, the article, whichever it might be, would always be on loan.

"A christening robe or shawl can be dispensed with, except at moderately rare, but not too rare, intervals; therefore thousands of people never think of buying one, but borrow on occasion. It is pretty much the same with tea urns, and, in a lesser degree, with silk hats also.

"Hundreds of thousands of working men never wear a silk hat except at a funeral; indeed, in Lancashire they call such head gear 'buryin' hats.' But they must have one them, if possible, and so many go a-borrowing.

"No. To own a silk hat, a christening robe, a tea urn, or a saw—I nearly forgot that—in some neighborhoods is to court trouble and worry."

THE PITCHER PLANT.—Plants as traps are well represented in the curious pitcher plants, which not only devour their living prey, but entice it in various ways. The odor of many of these is not particularly pleasant, but it evidently exercises a subtle charm over various forms of insect-life.

The pitcher plants attract attention at once by their remarkable appearance. As their name suggests, they are pitcher-like growths capable of holding water, and, hanging pendant at the end of a leaf, they often sway in the wind, attractive and graceful objects.

Some of the tropical pitcher plants hold half a pint of liquid, and Alfred Wallace mentions in one of his works that upon a certain occasion he was obliged to resort to them for drinking water, finding it very clear and refreshing, although it was half filled with insects.

In Borneo the pitcher plants attain marvelous perfection and size, their beautiful and artistic forms hanging from the foliage in every direction. One found on the summit of the Kini-balou, a lofty peak in North-Western Borneo, is a magnificent natural vessel holding upwards of two quarts of water.

Another from this country has a pitcher twenty inches long, the plant alone being about twenty feet long. The pitcher is almost invariably half full of water and a mass of dead insects. They are undoubtedly attracted by the peculiar odor, are overcome by it and intoxicated, and drop in, to become absorbed or digested by this singular plant.

The digestive power of it can be realised when it is not known that pieces of horne weighing six or six grains are entirely dissolved in two days.

In referring to the action of the plant Dr. Hooker says, "It would appear probable that a substance acting as pepsin is given off from the inner wall of the pitcher, but chiefly after placing animal matter in the acid fluid, but whether this active agent flows from the glands or from some tissue in which they are imbedded I have as yet found no evidence to show."

REST.—To understand the way to rest is of more importance than to know how to work. The latter can be learned easily; the former it takes years to learn, and some people never learn the art of resting. It is simply a change of scene and activities. "Loafing" may not be resting. Sleeping is not always resting. Sitting down for days with nothing to do is not restful. A change is needed to bring into play a different set of faculties and to turn the life into a new channel. The man who works hard finds his best rest in playing hard. The man who is burdened with care finds relief in something that is active, yet free from responsibility. Above all, keep good-natured, and do not abuse your best friend, the stomach.

Scientific and Useful.

SELF-CLOSING.—There has been placed upon the market lately a "self-closing umbrella, which promises to effect quite a revolution in this useful appliance. Henceforth the umbrella is to be opened with one hand only. Press a spring close to the handle and the umbrella opens of itself. A spring has been released which quickly and firmly opens it, and keeps it open; at the same time adding to its strength.

RATS.—Place a water-tight barrel in a dark corner, making the top accessible to the rats by setting boxes near it, or placing boards or poles so that they may climb up. The head is taken out, and the barrel filled about three-fourths full with trash, corncobs, chips, etc. On top of this put anything to entice the rats. After they become familiar with the surroundings and resort to it regularly, clean out the barrel, fill it about three-fourths full of water, throw in enough chaff to cover the water, and put in a small block with a piece of bacon tacked on each side. The first rat will jump in to eat the bacon, the next one will not hesitate, and then there is a fight for the possession of the block. The noise brings other rats, and when they get in—no matter how many—they will drown. Allow them to visit the barrel for a week at least before the water is put in.

TIME.—An ingenious device for checking the time of entry of workmen at factories, in a way that is claimed to admit of no dispute, has been patented. A clock is fitted with a tube holding a column of numbered tickets or blanks, which are released one by one every five minutes, or other suitable interval, and are received in a shoot or tube, into which the workers place their tickets as they enter the gates of the factory. The mixed tickets are taken out in a column or pile, and, being sorted, the tickets dropped by the clock indicate the time at which the workers' tickets were placed in the apparatus, as the latter are between the clock tickets. The apparatus has been working at several places for some months, and affords a ready and reliable means of checking the time of work people without closing gates, and can be used for night watchman, and others, with equal effectiveness.

Farm and Garden.

TOMATOES.—Many methods of supporting tomato plants have been tried. Inverted trellises are sometimes used with good results.

PIGS.—Pigs should be taught to eat as young as possible in a low trough by themselves. Never wean them until they are two or three months old, as nothing is so good for them as the mother's milk.

SHEEP.—Sheep will both feed and clothe a man, which is more than can be said of other farm animals. Many level-headed farmers still believe in the poor, despised sheep, despite the low prices of recent years.

HORSES.—Know more about the horse's foot and its care, and keep it out of the hands of the bungling blacksmith. Study how to bend and shape the hoof of a colt. A fine bodied animal may have a bungling gait or a lack of endurance from bad feet, and it is too often all the owner's fault.

FENCES.—So long as farmers must be at the expense of manufacturing fences of one kind or another, the question as to how posts can be made durable will be one of interest to them. There is no better nor cheaper preventive of rot than salt. Bore two or three holes in the butt, beneath the ground, fill with salt, and secure with an oak plug.

BLACKING.—Ball blacking for harness is made from one ounce of lard, one ounce of bees'-wax, eight ounces of ivory black, eight ounces of sugar, four ounces of linseed oil, and two or three ounces of water; or it may be composed of eight ounces of bees'-wax, four ounces of ivory black, two ounces of Prussian blue, two ounces of spirits of turpentine, and one ounce of copal varnish. Melt the wax and stir in the other ingredients, and, when cold, roll into balls and use as required.

TO LET A COLD HAVE ITS OWN WAY is to assist in laying the foundation for Consumption. To cure the most stubborn cough or cold, you have only to use judiciously Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 725 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 21, 1896.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 5.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postoffice money order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Matters of Fact.

Facts, says the proverb, are stubborn things. Nevertheless, they would seem to possess occasionally a certain amount of elasticity, or whence does it arise that ten different people shall interpret you one identical fact in as many different ways?

The statesman, the manufacturer, the chemist, the philosopher, the statistician, all call loudly for facts—facts and figures—whereon to base their several calculations and opinions.

How does it happen, then, that, all starting from a common point, marked and indubitable differences of result are found to exist in matters frequently of the greatest possible importance to mankind?

It is singular to note, first, that the same evidence of the same fact often makes a totally different impression upon different minds. Each man interprets it according to his peculiar idiosyncrasy.

Hence we shall find that men of strict moral principles and unused to deceit, when informed of some extraordinary event, judging of others by themselves, either attach implicit credit to what they are told, or consider it more charitable to believe that the improbable occurrence has actually taken place—the laws of Nature being specially suspended for the particular occasion—than that the reporter has been guilty of wilful falsehood.

Others, self conscious of a looseness regarding truth, and of low moral standard, measure other men's corn by their own bushel, and set down what they hear as based possibly upon fact, largely leavened with imposture.

Again, the legal mind, accustomed rigidly to weigh and analyze the statements submitted to it, unfortunately also familiar with the frequency of false evidence, regards a startling novelty with suspicion, submits from habit its own impressions to a searching cross-examination, and treats the fact as doubtful until proved beyond question to be positively true.

Further, we shall find that persons of limited education, whose intellect is unfamiliar with strict adherence to accuracy or rule, even although they be conscientious or moral, and people who would shrink with horror from wilful untruth, are yet frequently betrayed by their very habit of mind into unconscious exaggeration.

Superstition and credulity, again, are facile leaders into error. The strongest minds in every age have yielded to their influence, and are swayed by their imaginary terrors, even in this enlightened age, to an extent scarcely credible. We are apt to be very proud of the time in which we live. We are fond of calling it the latter half of the nineteenth century—as if the age of the world protected it from the follies of senility—the practical era; the epoch of railways, and telegraphs, and machinery, and sound, rational, common sense. We maintain that we have sown our wild oats, and are reaping what farmers call "a thumping crop" of wisdom from the seeds.

Every now and then, however, instances crop out, in geologic phrase, of weaknesses that we have been loudly declaring had long since passed away. The belief in witchcraft is not by any means extinct in this country. The records of the police-courts tell how often foolish people are found listening to "cross the poor gipsy's hand with a piece of silver," for the purpose of having their fortunes told, and afterwards find that the swart impostor has eloped with the spoons.

Astrology, as a means of extracting coin from the pockets of the unwary, is not yet out of fashion; and we should never be surprised to hear of credulous persons having been induced by some designing alchemist to advance money for the discovery of the philosopher's stone.

Fear and nervous timidity lead to precisely the same result—the falsification of matters of fact. Few people, except doctors, undertakers, and professional nurses, are sufficiently hardy of nerve to pass the night, alone, by the side of some poor remnant of humanity from which the soul has departed; to cross a solitary churchyard at the midnight hour; to remain from sunset to sunrise within the sacred edifice itself, in presence of the mouldering dust of what were once human beings of like fashion and passions with themselves. Yet why? If, as men almost universally declare, we believe that a merciful and all-wise Creator does not permit the departed spirit, after the dissolution of the body, to walk the earth, a ghastly phantom, for the senseless purpose of merely terrifying the living, upon what basis does faith in ghost stories repose?

The incapacity of the describer, properly to realize the situation he is attempting to depict, has hitherto been the fruitful cause of many historical errors, which it is now too late to rectify. Some quiet literary man, who probably never smelt powder in his life, except it was used to clear the flue or the kitchen copper, or never shot anything more formidable than a tomtit, sitting in his study has undertaken to describe battles at which he was not present, and sieges of cities, the existence of which he knows of only from his map and the gazetteer.

It must be admitted that such productions contain a sub-stratum of truth, or they would not be in keeping with their name; but the halo of poetry and imagination which must be thrown around them, the subordination of reality to the requirements of the story in a succession of startling adventures and "hair-breadth 'scapes" of the hero, the necessity for Art to supplement Nature, where Nature has left what the romance-reader would consider an unseemly void—all these things render an interesting historical romance, which at the same time shall not deviate one iota from the fact, an utter impossibility.

We have diverged somewhat from our subject, and after having pointed out so many fruitful sources of error in treating matters of fact, have only space left briefly to consider how it is possible that some of those pitfalls may be avoided. The readiest method of arriving at an impartial judgment of events, would seem to be to credit only such as are well authenticated by persons thoroughly trustworthy, of cool and sober habit of mind, and otherwise well qualified to form an opinion.

Also, as it is unwise to take any statement upon trust, wherever it is possible to obtain two or three versions of the same occurrence or experiment, comparison may not improbably evolve additional accuracy.

An interested recommendation or statement should always be regarded with suspicion. The opinion of a rash and impulsive person is dangerous. We are much inclined, after all, to consider that the safest course is to regard matters of fact as just so many mathematical problems, the solution of which, by postulates and axioms, is as near an approach to actual truth as fallible human nature can attain.

It may be set down as a rule that one can never afford not to be a gentleman. It is best to learn this rule early and practice it late. It is not well to say mean things of another, because in most cases you will have to take it all back in bitterness of heart when he does you an unexpected favor. It is not wise to treat any one brusquely, because you cannot always judge a bird by the feathers he has on. It is not well to look down on anybody, because the time may come when he will look down upon you. There is a certain selfhood in every one which should be respected. We have no right to infringe upon it. It is not morality, it is not mere conventional rule, it is not simply a social regulation; it is something in the nature of things that you should always show a delicate regard for others. One who did not fail here was never known utterly to fail elsewhere.

Do not become self-indulgent. Do not talk about leaving to the young the tasks of life, or about getting out of their way. Get out of nobody's way, and, above all, do not stand in your own way. Do not step out of the ranks—that is, do not step out of sympathy with the spirit of the age in which you live. Love the young; be young yourself; keep in the line of sympathy and feeling with those who are young. Rejoice with them. Live with them.

It is not the indolent or the easily-worked man that has the necessary amount of leisure for the attainment of some desirable local or general object. It is rather the busy man who, by the careful husbanding of fractions of time which other less thoughtful people would waste, can and does not achieve incomparably great and valuable results.

As the man of pleasure, by a vain attempt to be more happy than any man can be, is often more miserable than most men are, so the sceptic, in a vain attempt to be wise beyond what is permitted to a man, plunges into a darkness more deplorable and a blindness more incurable than that of the common herd, whom he despises and would fain instruct.

A SOUND philosopher once said: "He that thinks innocent pastime foolish has either to grow wiser, or is past the ability to do so; and I have always counted it an impudent fiction that playfulness is inconsistent with greatness. Many men and women have died of dignity."

We come to those who weep foolishly, and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with their own reason. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man.

EVERYTHING which takes the mind out of self, that comfortable corner where it loves to nestle, and forces it into the bracing air of the outside world, tends to develop within us that faculty of realizing which is the root of all sympathy and the corner-stone of all social welfare.

It is not a good thing to have ill-health; it is not a good thing to have bodily ailments; but it is a great deal better to have bodily ailments that work out manhood than good health that works out imbecility.

AN Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things of the universe, replied: "The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENT.

A. W.—Persons condemned to death are generally treated with much consideration in the matter of food, but are certainly not permitted to have anything they "like to ask for." This last is a popular delusion.

HECTOR.—Any of the large book stores will furnish you with good translations of "Homer." Which is the best is purely a matter of taste although Pope's is perhaps the most popular of the freer rhymed versions.

FRED.—The name is pronounced Rosso, though spelt Rousseau. He was a famous French philosophical and sentimental writer. He was born at Geneva in 1712 and died suddenly in 1778. He was one of the pioneers of the French Revolution.

GORDON.—The simplest life preserver is two large corks fastened on the ends of a piece of rope about twenty inches or two feet long, so that when one is lying in the water it will reach across the chest, allowing the corks to come up under the arms.

TROUBLED.—If the girl cannot read the signs for herself, no one else can do so for her. It is generally pretty apparent when a young man is in love, but if the young lady is not sure she can only behave with modesty and discretion until the gentleman puts the fateful question.

LEFT.—The word book is from the Saxon boc or beech, which was very plentiful in Northern Europe, and being a close-grained wood, thin slabs or boards of it were used to be written upon. The Latin liber also denoted originally the inner bark of a tree, which was used for the same purpose.

MAUD MULLER.—You ask us to mention "a practical way to teach German." Do you not mean to learn it? In the latter case nothing is better than a good native teacher. Still if you cannot or do not care to have a regular teacher there are plenty very satisfactory methods of self-instruction. Inquire about them at any of the larger book stores.

W. J.—You probably refer to what is called a divining-rod, an instrument used by pretenders who undertake to discover water or minerals hidden in the ground. It is usually a forked, slender stick of witch hazel. One branch is taken in each hand between the thumb and forefinger, the two ends pointing down; and wherever the upper point of the stick bends over and points downwards, there the operator states the spring or metallic vein will be found.

H. X.—The custom which gave rise to the expression "a feather in one's cap," as a mark of indicating a praiseworthy action, is thus described in the Lansdowne MS., in the British Museum in a "Description of Hungary in 1599;" in which the writer says of the inhabitants: "It hath been an antient custom among them that none should wear a feather but he who has killed a Turk, to whom only it was lawful to show the number of his slaine enemys by the number of fethers in his cappe."

D. W.—As you love the young lady, it would, of course, be best for you to ground another before giving up the case entirely. You can frankly state to her just what the facts are, and tell her how much you love her, and the chances will be greatly in favor of her seeing the matter in its true light, and becoming as devoted to you as ever. It was exceedingly foolish in you to admit to another woman that you supposed it possible for your betrothed to have a fault or defect of any kind, and when you go to see her you must be sure to make ample amends for that indiscretion.

BLUE BELL.—You are acting wisely in trying to improve your somewhat imperfect education. That may be done mostly easily in three ways—by reading, writing, and talking. One of the quickest ways of acquiring correctness of speech is by talking with those who speak correctly, and by noticing their forms of expression; but that is often impossible, because the learner spends very little time in the company of people whose talk is a safe guide. The learner is therefore driven back upon reading and writing. Constant reading is a gradual education, so gradual as not to be noticed by the learner; but with it there ought to be joined a good deal of writing. The formal study of grammar is very dry and unfruitful. People who can parse and analyze like clockwork may have a very inadequate command of their native tongue.

M. A. F.—As a shade from the sun, the umbrella is of great antiquity, for in the sculptures of Egypt, Nineveh, and Persepolis, it is frequently figured. In Eastern lands its use seems to have been confined to royalty, but in ancient Greece and Rome all classes appear to have been acquainted with its utility. From Italy it was introduced into England during the seventeenth century, and was esteemed a luxury. In the reign of Queen Anne it had become common in London as a screen from the rain, but only for the feminine gender. The first person of the male persuasion—not the first to introduce the umbrella into civilized nations—who had the moral courage to carry one in the streets of London was Jonas Hanway, the founder of the Magdalene Hospital, who had just returned from Persia. Being in delicate health he used this means of protection against the elements, and was greatly ridiculed for what was then considered an eccentricity. Indeed, for a long time it was regarded as a sign of infirmity or effeminacy to use an umbrella, while in these days not to have one is looked upon as a mark of poverty or imprudence.

DIVIDED.

BY E. N. K.

In the dusk a red geranium
Glowed upon my lady's breast,
And one little tear-drop, falling,
In a moment all confessed.
We stood silent, and, bewildered;
Then I kissed her lips and eyes—
Eyes that now perchance watch for me
Up in God's own paradise.

Now amid the city's turmoil
Come a moment's peace and hush,
And I think I hear the rustle
Of the reeds and cotton-rush—
See the red geranium gleaming
In the crimson after-glow,
And my whole soul breaks in longing
For my love of long ago!

A Noble Heart.

BY G. R. M.

THE OWNER of Quincairne Castle, a fair girl of one and-twenty, stood by a casement one October morning, watching the rising tide. Between the window where Nora Sullivan stood and the waves there appeared to intervene only a few yards of green lawn, studded by great patches of scarlet geraniums and fringed by fuchsias, the sprays of which drooped to meet the rising waters.

It seemed as if a piece of floating seaweed might be gathered by any one standing on the green bank; but in reality the cliff abruptly descended about thirty feet—a depth which in rough weather the waves easily swept over, rising at high tide to dash across the flower-beds, and at some seasons, when the Atlantic outside was dangerous, to send light spray even against the window-panes.

Each tower of Quincairne Castle commanded a fair scene; but there was no enjoyment in Nora Sullivan's face as she dreamily watched the rising tide.

She had been standing there some minutes, when the door opened, and there entered the drawingroom a lady whose delicate features Nora had inherited, though the contrast was great between the fair proportions and rose-tinted cheeks of the daughter and the mother's fragile form and pallid face.

Mrs. Sullivan's health had been injured by residing with her soldier-husband in various unhealthy climates; and now she longed for bracing breezes, and languished in the enervating air of Quincairne; while Nora loved the soft atmosphere in which she had been brought up by her father's sister.

As Mrs. Sullivan advanced towards the window, her daughter turned and greeted her with a smile.

"Mother," she said gaily, "I haven't shown you the present that was sent me this morning!"—and, as she spoke, she drew from a case a gold bracelet set with shamrocks, each formed of three emeralds. Wasn't it kind of Mr. Mordaunt to think of the very thing I should like best, and have it made on purpose for me? Aren't the dear little shamrocks lovely?"

"They're splendid, Nora! Those large emeralds must be immensely valuable. And such a pretty idea! But why do you call him 'Mr. Mordaunt?'"

"Oh, 'John,' of course! I'm hardly used to it yet. You've not half examined my bracelet. Look at my initials in diamonds on the clasp!"

"Yes, dear, they are magnificent." Then, after a pause, Mrs. Sullivan added doubtfully, "And you love the giver, Nora?"—with a glance in which there was a world of tender anxiety.

"Of course I love him! Am I not going to marry him?"

"You speak so lightly, Nora! My child, do you really love John Mordaunt, as I loved your father, with all your heart?"

"Ah, you romantic darling! I love John in a sensible way; and he loves me the better for it."

Mrs. Sullivan sighed.

"Be sure of this, my dear—if a girl marries for money or position, or from any motive but the right one—true love—she sells herself into slavery, and undertakes duties she cannot perform."

"Why, mother, John Mordaunt is a man of whom any girl might be proud!"—and, turning away, she tripped lightly from the room.

But the moment she was beyond reach of her mother's questioning eyes she moved wearily, leaning on the balustrade as she went upstairs.

She had no sooner gained her room than she fastened the door, flung from her the emerald bracelet, and stretched herself on the bed.

"What mother says is true," she murmured; "and yet life should not be slavery with such a man."

The young Englishman to whom Nora referred was stalwart and handsome; his eyes told of the kindness of his heart, and his simple straightforward manner was eloquent of his truthfulness.

He had rowed in the Cambridge eight, and in swimming could have beaten even the lads of Kerry, who were as much at home in the waters of Quincairne Bay as on their own heather-clad hills. That he was not only an athlete, but also a fellow of his college, and already an authority on scientific subjects, interested Nora but slightly—in fact, she regretted his habit of taking up in his hand and regarding with admiration insects and other things which her soul abhorred.

Mordaunt was the son of a London merchant who had left him a place in the New Forest and $200,000 a year. It was not however any selfish ambition which had tempted Nora to become his promised wife. She believed that nothing but change to the air of her native England could save her mother's life; and the way of obtaining this change was through her own marriage with a rich man.

Mrs. Sullivan possessed little besides the pension of a Colonel's widow; and Nora, with thirty thousand acres of bog and barren mountain, was but just able to live in Quincairne Castle and maintain a modest establishment hardly in keeping with the outward appearance of the place.

"The darling she'll be herself again directly we get her across to her native air! And I'll make a good wife to John Mordaunt. I know he'll be kind to me and to her."

The girl sighed as she came to this conclusion, for, instead of the blue eyes and golden hair of the Englishman, she saw in imagination the face of the boy-lover who, when she was scarcely more than a child, had placed on her finger the little forget-me-not ring she had worn ever since.

He had never renewed the vows he made her then—never at least in words—for he was a younger son, and had nothing but his army pay, and she was half ruined by reductions of rent, and, worse still, by the non-payment of even the reduced sum.

She had long since realised that marriage with a lieutenant in a Line regiment was, even for his sake, not to be thought of; but in her love-dreams there were endless possibilities.

Gerald M'Carthy would distinguish himself; unusual opportunities would fall in his way; he would win the V. C.; he would gain rapid promotion! She never realised how she had clung to such vague hopes until she had consented to resign them. No fits of passionate sorrow moved her; but with those vague hopes her youth seemed to her to have passed away. She was no longer light-hearted merry Nora Sullivan, but a sensible girl. The life that lay before her was monotonously prosperous, uninteresting and dull—for her heart refused to brighten her anticipations with the light of love—but she told herself that she would strive to do her best. She was a soldier's daughter—"Honor" and "Duty" should be her watchwords.

She drew from her finger the little forget-me-not ring, kissed it with tears in her eyes, and then put it away in a secret drawer of her dressing-case.

As she turned the key on this moments of days that could never return, there was a knock at her bedroom door, and, on opening it, she faced Lizzy, the little housemaid.

"If ye plaize, miss, there's Biddy Shehan asking if ye'll give her a penny to buy a pinch of tobacco, and there's Kitty O'Donovan begging for a drain of milk for her children that have all got the chincough."

"Let her have it, Lizzie; and tell Biddy I'll bring her the tobacco this afternoon."

"Och, but it's the milk that'll run short with two of our kyows dry!"

"The children must have milk, Lizzie. Go, like a good girl, and get some from the dairy; and tell Biddy I won't forget her tobacco." She closed the door, and her eyes brightened with the thought, "Soon I shall be rich—very rich—and able to do great things for these poor dear people."

Later in the day she looked for Mordaunt's pouch, which she remembered he had left on the hall table, and, finding it well filled, she took a small quantity of the tobacco to Biddy Shehan's cottage.

As she went, she fell into a deep study. Very dear to her heart were the people who lived on her demesne, and she was wondering how they would fare under the rule of an Englishman.

Biddy Shehan was not a tenant of Nora's; the wall which divided Nora's land from that of a neighbor had been raised a little to form the back of the old woman's cabin, which had no windows, the doorway being the only opening to the one room which constituted the habitation. Biddy lived in it rent-free, in consideration of the dangerous state of the roof, which, whenever the wind was high, threatened to fall in and bury the occupant alive.

"Why, Biddy, you've been getting your cabin repaired!" exclaimed Nora, as she entered and found the dilapidated roof carefully propped up and made secure by the stems of young fir-trees.

"Och, my lady, it's the young English gentlemen that's done it! He got Keegan here and Corkery; and shure he did make them work!"—and Biddy laughed.

* * * * * *

The evening was far advanced when John Mordaunt stood in the porch of his dwelling and watched the departure of his friend, a professor of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was staying at Killarney and had spent the day with him. For the first time Mordaunt sped the parting guest without regret; and, as the car turned up the little road, he ran down to his boat, and in a few minutes was pulling across the bay to Quincairne.

As he rowed, he looked back at the small fishing-box he had hired of Nora's agent, who had been his schoolfellow at Marlborough, and smiled to think how, coming as a stranger from England, he had imagined the owner to be a lady of advanced years, and how, when his neighbors had called on him and he had met her at a tennis-party, he had fallen in love with her then and there, mistaking her in her simple serge for a poor relative of the mistress of Quincairne.

This was the first day since their engagement that he had not seen her before sundown, and he pulled vigorously until he passed the Castle and the quay was at hand.

Looking up at the drawingroom windows, he knew that Nora had heard the turn of the sculls in the rowlocks and their splash in the water, for a curtain was drawn aside, and for a moment she stood there, plainly visible in the light room: then the curtain fell. Was she coming to meet him? Yes! As he reached the landing place, she stood there in the moonlight, and greeted him with outstretched hand, saying—

"I thought you were not coming at all to-day."

"Did you miss me, darling?" said Mordaunt; and he pressed her lips to her cheek.

"Of course I missed you, and wondered what had become of you," replied Nora gaily.

"I had an unexpected visit from an old chum of mine."

"You should have brought him here."

"His conversation would have bored you awfully."

Mordaunt then produced a letter from his mother to Mrs. Sullivan, asking her to pay a visit to the Lodge in the New Forest.

"My mother promises to take the greatest care of her," he said, "if she will but come at once without losing a day. Will you help me to persuade her, Nora?"

As he spoke, they entered the hall, and the light fell on Nora's face as she turned to him, her eyes beaming.

"How very kind of Mrs. Mordaunt!" she replied; and Mordaunt saw a new loveliness in her countenance, brightened as it was with a happy smile.

Mrs. Sullivan thought she could not undertake the journey; but, after a long conversation, her fears were overcome, and it was arranged that Mordaunt should telegraph the next morning that she and her daughter, escorted by himself, would leave Quincairne for Heathcote Lodge in three days.

"I am glad we shall be here on Tuesday," said Nora, "because of Mrs. Willmott's dance."

Mrs. Willmott's dance was a very unceremonious affair. Nora went to it in her own uncovered car, and the neighbors, of whom several had driven fifteen miles, mostly came in pony-carriages, dog-carts, or breaks. The Bishop's wife arrived in her modest brougham.

Mordaunt, who had just come, went out to hand Nora from her car. Throwing off her fur-lined cloak, she appeared in a pretty white dress, her mother's string of pearls round her neck, and Mordaunt's gift, the emerald bracelet, on her arm.

Being acknowledged the belle of the neighborhood, her card was soon filled, certain values having been previously reserved for Mordaunt. She had never danced with him before, and was well pleased to find his step suited here to perfection. It was not without complacency that she afterwards walked the room with him, conscious that many eyes were turned admiringly on the stalwart young Englishman.

"Now we are going to show you what dancing is like," she said to him merrily, as the son of her hostess claimed her for the national dance, which at Mrs. Willmott's always preceded supper.

Mordaunt was delighted to see her so gay, and he watched her movements as she executed with the greatest rapidity the most elaborate steps. Her color rose, the music quickened, and quicker gleamed the white bugles on the little shoes. When she returned to the Bishop's wife, who had constituted herself Nora's chaperon, her eyes were sparkling and the roses were glowing in her cheeks.

"I never saw an Irish reel before," said Mordaunt. "It is very pretty—quite charming; but are you not very tired?"

"Not a bit!" was Nora's answer, as she took her fan from him. "I should like to go for once to a great ball during the London season," she said.

"We will go to as many as you please; it will not bore me to do so as often as you like, provided you keep some round dances for me."

"I have no idea whether I should not be bored myself, you know. I might not——" She stopped and a change passed over her countenance. "I might not—might not—like them."

Mordaunt followed the direction of her gaze, but noted nothing remarkable about the group of men standing near the door at whom she was looking. Then he glanced at Nora, and saw that the blood had mounted to her for a moment; then she turned deathly pale.

"You are not well," said Mordaunt anxiously. "Nora," he exclaimed, bending over her, do you feel faint? What is it?"

With a great effort, she controlled herself.

"I do feel ill; I should like a glass of water. They are going in to supper; will you take me?"

He drew her hand within his arm, and, when they reached the supper-room, he placed her in a chair, watching her pale face with alarm.

"Here is water; but would not champagne do you more good? You are tired; it was the reel. Do have some grapes!"

She took them; they moistened the lips that had so suddenly become dry, and her voice had almost regained its natural tone when she said—

"I wish you would take supper yourself, and I will sit here and rest; the reel must have tired me a little."

She glanced up at him as she spoke, and he was reminded of a day in the New Forest, when a stag that a minute before had been "a thing of beauty, a joy to see," turned on the hounds with wild despair, and eyes so piteous as to fill him with compunction. What had happened to his Nora?

Very soon the Bishop's wife found the supper-room too warm, and rose to leave it, followed by Nora, who took Mordaunt's proffered arm.

As they entered the dancingroom, a man, one of the group that Mordaunt had observed, who was now alone, leaning against the chimney-piece, came straight to Nora with a commonplace greeting.

"Will you dance?" he said. "Of course your card is full, but this is an extra valse;" and he led her away, Mordaunt's eyes following them as they went.

"A soldier-like young fellow," he thought; "and he has the brown eyes and the dark moustache and hair which it is said fair women admire."

The young soldier was speaking eagerly.

"I did not hear of this dance till late in the afternoon, and it was almost impossible to get leave; but I knew you would be here, and I would have come at any cost. And now tell me, Nora, if—if it is true."

She was unable to answer him; his arm was round her, and she felt him trembling. His eyes looked into hers, and read the answer there. He became silent; he turned his head from hers, he danced mechanically. Suddenly he said, in vehement tones—

"I can't waltz to that hateful tune! Come out with me; this room is stifling!"

He strode to the door, tightly pressing Nora's hand against his side. They went into the garden, where a long stretch of lawn sloped to the bay, and he hurried her into the deep shade of the trees.

"Nora, how can I bear it?"

His tone of despair gave her strength to

speak; she forgot herself in thinking of him.

"Dear Gerald, we were almost children in the old days, you and I. And now really what could I do? It was different when mother was rich. Old Newby—her trustee, you know—robbed her of all she had; and I too have become poor."

"Poor! What did that matter? cried Gerald M'Carthy vehemently. "Could you not wait for me, Nora? If I could not have secured promotion, I could have dug, toiled, starved!" He spoke rapidly and in great agitation, adding, "But it is your mother who has done it, never letting us correspond!" He threw his arms round her. "Ah, Nora, my darling—my love, my own love!"—and he held her in a close embrace.

Mordaunt had not wooed her in such a masterful way. As Gerald pressed her to his heart impressing kisses on her brow and downcast head, she felt the old love thrill through every fibre of her frame.

"Nora, you do not love that man—you are mine! You know you do not love him!"

With a gesture of anguish, she broke from his embrace.

"I can never be yours, Gerald—never! Good-bye, good-bye!"

He seized her hands, exclaiming—

"And you would marry the man you do not love? Listen to me, Nora! It would be kinder even to him to draw back, though you might be standing on the very steps of the altar."

"I shall not draw back," replied Nora, who became calmer as his emotion grew more intense. "I cannot break my word."

"No, no; you would rather break my heart!"

She started.

"There is the sound of footsteps behind us. We can stay here no longer; take me back to the house."

"Bah! Of course others like the cool air as well as ourselves. Or, perhaps," he added, in a tone of bitterest contempt, "it is Mordaunt come to dissect an Irish caterpillar or to investigate the germ of the potato disease. A pleasant companion for a girl!"

"Take me back, Gerald! If you will not give me your arm, I will go alone."

They walked in silence to the house, and, with a smile on her pale lips, Nora returned to the seat she had occupied before.

Gerald stood erect before her.

"My leave will be over by the time I reach barracks in the morning. We start for Egypt in three days. Good-bye!"

Nora placed her hand in his, and her upturned glance seemed to plead for reconciliation as she said good-bye.

He gave her a last reproachful look, then made his hostess farewell, and a few minutes later had mounted the horse that was waiting for him.

After a while Mordaunt came to Nora.

"They are going to have a cotillion; but you are doubtless too tired to dance."

"I shall dance no more to-night; I am much too tired."

"Shall I order your cab?"

He went out, returning in a short time to conduct Nora to her cab and see her well wrapped up.

There was scarcely a shade of difference in his manner, but the change was sufficient to be felt; his face was set and stern. Nora knew well that in his place Gerald would have been mad with rage and jealousy; the imperturbable calm of the Englishman and his pale face frightened her more than any exhibition of feeling could have done.

She felt weary and worn out, longing to lay her aching head upon her pillow; but there was no sleep for her that night, for every word of Gerald's seemed to have found an echo in her brain, and his every look, and his every gesture presented themselves before her closed eyes.

Mordaunt returned to the ball room. None should suspect that Nora had aroused any jealousy within him.

One dance, however, was, he thought, enough to prove him unconcerned and happy, and, when he had led back his partner to her seat, he thanked his hostess for the delightful evening, and said good night.

"I shall walk home," he said to his groom, who ventured to remind him of his ulster, which he had evidently forgotten.

When Mordaunt left Mrs. Wilmott's grounds, he crossed the road and took his way along the rocky land which lay between road and mountain. He walked slowly, for he was thinking deeply.

Did Nora love the good-looking young soldier? Had she broken faith with him, and why?

It was not, he was sure, for the sake of position or wealth that she had rejected his rival and accepted him; of all unworthy motives he acquitted his darling. He recalled the incidents of his wooing; every look and word had proved her straightforward, good and true.

She had never affected a warmth she did not feel; but latterly had she not seemed to return his love?

Then it seemed suddenly to occur to him that it was always after some thought of his for her mother that her eyes had beamed on him, her hand had sought his.

"Is the child sacrificing herself for her mother's sake? The thought went to his heart with the pain of a sword-thrust.

The night was far advanced before he had decided to endure the consequences of this discovery.

If she loved another, she must be set free; but how? Was he to throw her back upon her poverty? That was out of all question.

As he wandered aimlessly, the moon became obscured by drifting clouds and the wind arose, shaking the trees and whistling among the branches.

He started as a low melancholy wail seemed to issue from one of the rocks which rose in every direction from the uneven ground. He stood to listen, giving a keen glance around him. It was a human voice. He strode to the place whence it seemed to come, and beheld a dark form huddled up behind the nearest crag.

"Wirrasthrue, wirrasthrue!" cried the wailing voice

"Are you hurt? Can I help you?" said Mordaunt.

"Och, but it's the kind gintleman! If yer honor, sir, would help a pore owld crathur to git up from the airth, the saints would bless ye!" She added, as Mordaunt raised her to her feet, "I thank yer honor! Heaven prosper ye and all yer family; and the dear young lady that favors ye—Heaven bless her!"

"My good creature, save your breath; you're very weak. Why, I believe it's Biddy Shehan!"

"Shure and it's owld Biddy! But I'm bad, very bad; I'll not last the night."

"Oh, yes, you will! Come to our cabin; we're close to it. Come on; you shall not fall."

Biddy was used to lying for hours in the night air, and, finding that she could scarcely stand, Mordaunt took the fragile creature in his arms and carried her to her cabin, and laid her on her bed. It was a clean and comfortable bed that Nora had given her.

"I'll strike a light if you've a candle at hand," said he; and looking by the light of a match along a shelf where stood saucepans and crockery, in nice order, he found a thin candle with a thick black wick. Then he felt in his ulster pockets, and, much to his satisfaction, discovered his flask.

"I am going to give you something that will put new life into you, Biddy," he said, as he poured out some brandy.

"And it's meself that's better for that!" said Biddy, after she had swallowed the stimulant. "But I'll not last long, and I was wanting to spake to your honor or Miss Nora. It's your honor that lives nearest, so I just set out to go, but was forced by the darkness to sit and rest a bit in Pat O'Grady's cabin; and thin it was late, so I thought to come home agin, and fell down on the bare airth. Och, but that said English whisky is fine to make one spake."

"Have a little more, Biddy, and then go to sleep."

"Shall I fetch Father O'Reilly?"

"Och, sure, your honor, it's not me sins that be troubling me—it's me money!"

"Do you want to make a will?"

"Och, sure, yer honor, it's me brother's will that' bothering me mind. I got it this evening, when Dan O'Brian came along, and I'd have taken it to Father O'Reilly to get his riverence to rade it to me. He was rich, was me brother, and kept a shop, he called a store, in 'Merica; and it's loike he left me the gowld, and I'll not want it onst I'm buried. It's all for Miss Nora, if your honor'll take her the will. I've put it in me box, 'twixt the mattress and the bed."

She made an effort to rise.

"Lie still; I'll get the box;" and Mordaunt produced it.

"And here's the key."—"Am I to open it?"

Raising the lid, he found in certain square receptacles for cotton sundry sovereigns wrapped in bits of newspapers, some Irish one-pound notes, and, under the larger lift, Mike Shehan's will, enclosed in a lawyer's letter, the contents of which Mordaunt read with amazement.

"Why, Biddy, your brother has left you upwards of £50,000!"

Biddy started up, raising herself on her elbow, her dark eyes flashing with excitement.

"Oh, it's a rich lady that she'll be, and keep up the owld Castle as their honors did in the fine owld times? Ochone that I'll not live to see it!"

While she talked, Mordaunt carefully read the will.

"Look here, Biddy—are you sure you wish Miss Sullivan to have the money, and not one of your own class who is more in want of it?"

"More in want of it, was ye saying? And who should want it more than a lady that the Land Leaguers have ruined entirely, and she just keeping a kyar and a bit of a nag, and not a man-servant in the house; where her fathers before her had footmen and footboys to hand round the silver dishes, and kep' hunters and racers, and by the same token lost their thousands and thousands, and 'twas nothing to them! Mike's money is all for Miss Nora, bless her; and bad scran to them as would touch it!"

With the aid of a village attorney, Biddy's "last will and testament" was soon drawn up and attested; but the old woman almost immediately afterwards expired.

Until late in the afternoon Nora did not hear of Biddy's death. She was unaware up to that time that the old woman was ill. It distressed her that she had not bid her humble friend farewell; but she had little time for regret on that score, for across the waters of the bay Mordaunt's skiff came flying before the wind, and she wondered how he would meet her and what he would have to say.

She did not go to meet him, as of late had been her custom; and he was announced by the servant like an ordinary visitor.

It was no new departure for Mordaunt to content himself by taking Nora's hand; then he sat down beside her and spoke of Biddy's death. It was a relief to both that they had something to talk about so far from the doubts that lay deep in the heart of each.

"She has made you her heir, Nora."

"Oh, poor Biddy! Am I heir to her pipe and pinch of tea?"

Mordaunt produced the work-box.

"I gave her that old box full of cottons when I was a little girl," said Nora, with tears in her eyes. "But how could she beg," she added, as the sovereigns fell out into her hand, "when she had money by by her?"

Two hundred and ten dollars in gold and five dollar notes were found in the various receptables for working materials; and at last, under the lift, Nora discovered Mike Shehan's will.

Fifty thousand dollars! Years had passed since the owners of Quincairne possessed so much. Nora had known enough of privation to feel in the first moment of possession a great joy, which shone in her dark gray eyes; and then arose the bitter thought that, had this little fortune come to her but three months before, she might now have been the wife of Gerald M'Carthy.

The light in her eyes died out. It was too late; the gates of joy were closed for her for ever, and she felt herself an impostor, giving mere friendship in exchange for passionate love. She could not bear the constraint of Mordaunt's presence, and, saying she would go and tell her mother the good news, she escaped for a few minutes to the solitude of her chamber.

She returned with Mrs. Sullivan, to whom the history of Biddy's work-box was repeated; and then came dinner-time, and the evening wore away, while Mordaunt told Nora and her mother of Mike Shehan's big store in Chicago, and other particulars of his wealth, gleaned from letters found in Biddy's possession. Then Nora stood on the quay to see Mordaunt off, and there seemed no difference in their relations; but both knew that they were hiding in their hearts thoughts that would one day find utterance.

The next morning they all started for England.

Nora and her mother were welcomed by Mrs. Mordaunt, a stylish old lady in faultless attire, whose conventional manner made Nora glad they were not to live together.

A fortnight passed smoothly under Mrs. Mordaunt's roof, considerations for the tastes and wishes of her guests being part of her creed.

One day Mordaunt found Nora sitting alone, and, distressed by her pale face, he said:—

"How tired you look, my darling! What have you been doing?"

"I went with Mrs. Mordaunt to the lake, and then we fed the gold and silver pheasants, and I tired myself, though the distance was nothing."

"You would not have been tired if you had gone to watch your herons fishing in the bay or crossed the bridge and heard the curlews cry."

"Perhaps not. How well you understand me!"

Her pleasant smile and tone made it hard for him to utter the words he had come to say.

"I understand you too well for my peace. Dearest, you are miserable, and I fear at times it is not I who can make you happy."

Nora could not reply immediately. She saw the possibility of freedom, but it would be bought by a broken word.

Mordaunt waited patiently, though his pulse was throbbing with the pain of separation, for he could see no hopeful sign in her downcast face. Suddenly, however, she raised her eyes to his—the beautiful dark eyes he loved so well—and said:—

"I shall be more cheerful by-and-by. I know you love me, dear, and I will be true to you."

"I know that, Nora. I know well that you are truth itself. But a promise to man is not a vow to Heaven, and from a promise there may be release."

She turned to him with a start.

"Do you wish that?"

"My sole wish is to see you happy, even at any cost to myself."

Nora felt that the supreme moment of her life had come. All her future would depend on the few words she now might speak.

Was she to be false to Mordaunt?

Had he laid his heart at her feet for it to be trodden on?

She turned pale even to the lips, and Mordaunt saw the struggle she was having with herself.

He spoke impetuously.

"I love you with all my heart and soul, and, while life lasts, I shall love but you! And do you think I could bear that you should give yourself to me merely that you might not break your word? I want your heart, Nora, for you have mine."

For many moments there was silence. At last Nora replied, with a look of infinite distress.

"I can not return such love as yours. I feel that I have been utterly selfish. I can never forgive myself."

Her tone of contrition touched Mordaunt, and he hastened to blame himself.

"I was in too much haste to call you mine, Nora, and I think I came too late. Give me your hand."

He drew the engagement ring from her finger.

"Now, you are free. It is I who break the chain; and you must love me a little, darling, for your liberty. See; I will wear your ring in memory of a sweet dream. Oh, what a dream of perfect bliss!"

He bent his head, covering his face with his hands. Nora could not stand by and witness his pain. She was excitable and full of generous impulses. She would have chosen to be free, and to keep her lover too, not from vanity or coquetry, but because she held him second to no man in the world except her own first love Gerald M'Carthy. She laid her hand caressingly upon his shoulder.

"No girl ever loved an only brother more than I love you, dear John!"

He started from his seat, and her little hand dropped helpless to her side.

"I leave home to-day, Nora," he said; and the effort of self-control made his voice stern. "My mother has known ever since we came that in all probability I should travel for a year before our marriage. She will not be surprised; and she knows I had a letter this morning on the subject. Here it is—read it at your leisure."

He strode to the door, then turned and said, in softer tones, "I will let you know where I am, and, should you ever telegraph to me the one word 'Come,' I will return to you, my dearest, from the ends of the earth! Good-bye!"

For an instant Nora longed to rush after him, to cling to him, to give herself to him for ever; but, as his footsteps ceased to sound upon the oak floor of the hall, she relieved her heart by a burst of tears; and with those tears the conflict of feeling passed away.

Another month saw her established in a

cottage on a bracing cliff where Mrs. Sullivan slowly recovered her health; and Nora blessed Biddy Shehan's memory for the fortune which had enabled her to leave Ireland for a season.

* * * * * *

Three years later. Nora, who had but recently returned to Quinceirne, having, for her mother's sake, made a much longer stay in England than she had intended when she went there, had just arrived home one night from a visit to a friend who resided thirteen miles away.

During the ride she had let her horse take his way along the darkening road, and had fallen into a melancholy reverie. There seemed to be no bright hope before her. Mordaunt was still a wanderer in distant lands; Gerald had been lamed by a gun-shot wound; her country had ceased to love her, and Mrs. Sullivan never seemed well or happy at Quinceirne.

She was now in the drawingroom conversing with Lizzie the housemaid.

"And it's me as left the door open!" cried Lizzie, suddenly running into the hall, where a footfall alternated with the tap of crutches.

"Is Miss Sullivan at home?" said a voice which made Nora spring from the sofa with a cry of joy; then she steadied herself by grasping the back of a chair, for her heart was beating so wildly that she could scarcely breathe.

The next moment she had flown to meet Gerald M'Carthy; and he contrived, in spite of lameness and crutches, to hold her in his arms, while Lizzie discreetly disappeared.

"My love; my own love!" he murmured. "The best remedy I had when I lay in hospital, was the knowledge that you were Nora Sullivan still. It brought me to life when I was given over, and I lived for this moment, darling—my darling."

She led him to the sofa where she had been reclining. She took his crutches, and rejoiced that she could tend and wait on him.

She looked with tearful eyes at his pale face. He was wan and haggard; his clothes hung loosly on his shrunken frame; but she loved him the better for all he had suffered, and when he said:—

"Can you care for such a damaged article as those Arab fellows have made of me?"

"Yes, dearest, yes!" she replied, with passionate kisses on his lips.

The next day, as they were sitting together in Nora's morning room, Dick Mahon, her agent, came in. He seemed in low spirits.

"I have had bad news this morning," he said; "news that I know will pain you, Miss Sullivan, as much as it does myself."

With a startled, agitated glance, Nora turned quickly toward him.

"You have heard from Mr. Mordaunt? What is the matter? Tell me!"

"I have heard of him," replied Mahon, with emotion.

And then, by degrees—for Nora's distress was very great—he told her of Mordaunt's sudden death of jungle fever, while engaged in the scientific pursuits which had led him to wander half the world over. The tidings had been communicated to Mahon by telegraph.

In due time a letter which contained an enclosure for Nora followed the telegram. On opening it, she found the ring she had worn during her brief engagement to Mordaunt, and these words:—

"Mr. Mordaunt took this ring from his finger, and, with his dying breath, desired it might be sent to Miss Sullivan, Quinceirne, Ireland."

Soon afterward Nora received a letter from Mordaunt's solicitor, informing her that the deceased had left her a legacy of large amount.

Some months later, when Gerald had laid aside his crutches and was speaking to Mahon on the subject of Nora's marriage settlement, he said:—

"Miss Sullivan is under the impression that Mike Shehan's legacy was invested in America in X. Y. bonds. Now, having myself had a hundred or two so invested, I know them to have been almost valueless. How did Miss Sullivan recover the money?"

After a moment's hesitation, Dick Mahon replied:—

"I think it would be unjust to Mordaunt's memory if I continued silent on that subject. The $50,000 came from him; and Miss Sullivan knew so little about investments that she never discovered the poor fraud."

"What a generous fellow!" exclaimed M'Carthy, with genuine admiration for his former rival.

That evening Mrs. Sullivan said:—

"If Nora hadn't known you, dear Gerald, she could not have failed to appreciate the noble young fellow whose loss we all deplore."

"I did appreciate him, mother—dear John Mordaunt! But it is not because a man is perfection that a girl can love him, but just because he suits her down to the ground;" and, with softly beaming eyes, she held out both her hands to Gerald M'Carthy.

THE LIGHT-FINGERED.

Some female pickpockets are especially well educated and this is generally much in their favor. One who represented herself as a reporter, and took notes in shorthand, was admitted to many places in this capacity, where she cleverly appropriated the contents of the various pockets of persons collected there.

A female thief use to study newspapers to discover fresh quarters where business was likely to be brisk, and if an exciting murder or fire, or similar sensational calamity occurred, would, while the event was fresh, take train to the scene, and glean a rich harvest from the crowds of curious people who often gather in such [illegible]

An accident of a somewhat amusing nature happened to a well-dressed and lady-like pickpocket. She was attempting to relieve a gentleman of his belongings, when, with an adroit backward movement of the hand, he secured her.

Immediately, the lady recognized in the trained action of his arm a brother professional, who confessed himself so charmed at her stealthy and artistic workmanship, that he straightway fell in love with her, and the twain were eventually married. We wonder if these "two of a trade" manage "to agree!"

The arms of a professional pick-pocket thief of the highest grade are often so trained that their owner can execute all kinds of backward movements, and the most expert are able to pillage a pocket or reticule with their backs to the victim, as comfortably as if facing or standing alongside of him—which is, of course, a highly advantageous method, creating no suspicion in a crowd.

One of the most successful pocket rogues was a thin, lithe woman, who certainly had wits enough to effect business under any disadvantage.

This unscrupulous but gifted person was a famous skirt-dancer, and had she been so inclined, could have earned an excellent living on the variety stage.

Indeed, she received many substantial offers from managers, excusing herself on the ground that she was not obliged to maintain herself, and did not wish to become famous on the boards.

However, she would frequently give examples of her clever pirouetting at fashionable gatherings and balls, where she was brought in touch with a great number of people, and played her game so well and profitably that she amassed a fine sum. She would often appear without remuneration at charity entertainments—a piece of dodging which endeared her to the hearts of her audience.

Then when people were beginning to comment on the number of robberies committed at social gatherings, she promptly disappeared. Suspicions were centered on the dainty entertainer, but she was nowhere to be found.

Someone recognized, a little while after, in the person of a thin old lady, who wore blue glasses and white hair, and who was frequently observed amongst the crowds of people awaiting admission to the most fashionable houses of entertainment, the one-time favorite—a peculiar movement, which had been a characteristic action in some of her most charming dances, betraying her. Before she could be secured she escaped through the crowd—no doubt to adopt another disguise immediately after.

An expert pocket-thief arrested in Paris some time back was dressed in garments of exquisite manufacture, and attracted attention by the exceedingly graceful actions which distinguished all her—or, rather, his—movements; for the rogue was a man in the habiliment of one of the fair sex.

Few men could impersonate a lady so well as he, for his walk was essentially feminine—so many who would pass as females betraying themselves by their perambulations—and the movements of his arms, the pose of his head, were all in harmony; the result, so it is said, of assiduous rehearsing and indefatigable study of the actions of the fair.

All sorts of accessories are kept in stock by first-class pickpockets. Their collection of wigs, false mustaches—women possess these, for they utilise them as an aid when impersonating men—make-up cases, varieties of gowns, etc., would turn the average actor green with envy.

Artificial limbs are not infrequently numbered among the articles, for many attach a dummy hand, which, gloved like the others, can rest naturally below a cape or ulster, while the right hand is busy at its avocation, thus reducing suspicion to the minimum.

A "lightning-change artist" is not to be compared with some of the Parisian female pickpockets.

An unconspicuous hat, which can be worn back or front with equal effect, usually completes the costume.

A pair of spectacles fixed on the nose at the period of change, is sufficient to baffle the detection of even wary persons, and many have escaped arrest in this simple manner.

A museum containing a choice selection of pickpocket's accessories would be a diverting institution. One little article fixed in the palm of the hand, but which in no wise hindered the free manipulation of the fingers, was used with great success by a light-fingered artiste.

When a refractory pocket came under his treatment and the position was somewhat open to discovery, he would release his hand by ripping the intervening draperies, bringing the pocket and contents out at the same time.

This little instrument its owner found useful in gaining access to the pockets of the gallery-seated audiences in some traveling shows, where its operations under the seats could be readily effected. The proprietors of many such concerns have been more than suspected of resorting to some such arrangement of flooring the audience whom they were supposed to be only entertaining.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.—A book has been compiled giving the various methods of proposal described in novels by great writers. But fiction in this respect falls far short of reality. It has been said that a man who writes a proposal is a fool; a proposal in person is much more likely to succeed.

But proposals have been made, and in well authenticated cases, by wire, the question having been telegraphed on an ordinary ten-cent form, and the answer sent the same way. A proposal had been written on a paper collar which was sent through the post uncovered.

Not so long ago a busy man, home on a short visit from abroad, telegraphed to a young lady, an old friend, to meet him at the railway station.

"Come back in a great hurry, only a week to spare. Want to get married," said the busy man.

"To whom?" asked the lady.

"To you, if you'll have me, and can go out at once."

Another lover made up his mind at the last moment, just as he was leaving the father's house. They were finishing breakfast and the fly was at the door to take the guest to the station, when he scribbled a line on the back of a torn envelope and threw it across the path to his young lady. She read it, blushed, got up and left the room. The fly was countermanded, the guest remained; it was a proposal, and he was accepted. Royal proposals are often made as they are supposed to be in leap-year. The offer comes from the other side. It is said that the choice of a certain princess was made as follows:

Three young noblemen of high rank were selected, but two got wind of the high honor intended.

The first hesitating to accept, and yet daring to openly decline, ordered his yacht round on a long cruise to the nearest seaport and went off post haste to the South Seas.

The second called at a friend's house and asked to see one of the daughters, or, failing that, the mother. It was at an awkward hour, near dinner-time, but the elder lady came down to him, when he immediately proposed for the daughter.

The mother rallied him for being in such a hurry, but he persisted, was accepted and went away. That evening it was intimated to him that he might marry a princess; but, in reply, he regretted to say that he was already engaged.

The third peer was either quite "willing" like "Barkis," or he had no proper excuse to offer, for he became the happy man.

THE statistical returns of the various Methodist bodies give 25,000,000 as the total membership throughout the world.

At Home and Abroad.

The value of the principal cereal crops of the United States for 1900 has been estimated by the statistician of the Agricultural Department, as follows: Corn, $667,509,000 (26.2 bushels yield an acre); winter and spring wheat, $237 000 000 (12.7 bushels an acre); oats, $263 655 000 (29.6 bushels an acre); rye, $11 905 000 (14.4 bushels an acre; barley, $29 812 000 (26.4 bushels an acre); buckwheat, $6 935 000 (20.1 bushels an acre; potatoes, $78 985 000 (100.8 bushels an acre); and hay, $383 180 000 (1.06 tons an acre).

The bicycle face has become an old story, and now in some parts of Europe the horseless carriage face has just been noted. If this thing goes on, we may expect to hear of a special face for almost every trade and occupation. It is a little singular, by the way, that no one has ever spoken of the commuter's face, and yet it is even more marked than the expression of the cyclist. To see it in its perfection just begin telling a Jersey commuter a story when he is starting at 4.31 to catch a 4.6 boat.

A general, simultaneous census of the world for the year 1900 is asked for by the International Statistical Institute. It can be taken if slight modifications in the time of their regular censuses are made by the chief countries of the world. Portugal, Denmark, the United States, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Hungary and Sweden will regularly take their censuses on different days of the year 1900, Holland on the last day of 1899, Norway on the first day of 1901, and Great Britain, France and Italy later in that year.

Hugh Tudor, of Dawn, Missouri, strives to combine business with humor. On his business envelopes is printed the following in one corner: "If not called for within ten days, return to Hugh Tudor, Dawn, Mo., secretary of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co., of Livingston County, and secretary of the Second Congressional Cyclone, Tornado and Wind Storm Co." and the following additional statement appears in another corner: "I sell insurance against accidents, fire, death, w[illegible], sick kisses, tornadoes, loss of [illegible], loss of rest, poverty and 2d husbands, and issue bond insurance."

On the files of the Post Office Department there is a letter from a man named Hill, testifying to the ability, industry and good character of Mrs. Brown, who turns out to be his own mother, and stating that her appointment to a clerkship would be a great gratification to a large circle of influential political friends. He writes that she belongs to an excellent family and occupies a high social position; that he has known her intimately for several years; is familiar with her qualifications, and can recommend her without reserve. It was only by accident that the relationship was discovered, as the writer was the son of her first husband, after whose death she married again.

Now, that the art of armor forging can scarcely be further advanced, especially in view of the recent Pennsylvania discovery of a superior finish to the Harveyizing process, progress appears about to be made in an improved manner of using armor plate. A French naval expert has hit upon the idea of constructing plates of slats of steel that will project their edges and not their faces to a projectile. The "Age of Steel" comments: "By this method the resistance is of a flexible nature, insuring a rebound that can more successfully resist penetration. Damaged sections can easily be removed and replaced, and as they are interested by hollow tubes vibration is absorbed and the impact of shot considerably reduced."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires [illegible] manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. [illegible] monials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

WHY IT OVERFLOWED.

BY H B M

"DO tell us a story, Uncle Tom."

"Well, what about, little ones?" asked Uncle Tom, smiling at the group of eager faces which gathered round his arm chair.

"... about lions, and tiger hunting," said Charlie, who was never tired of listening to his uncle's wonderful stories of adventure.

"Oh no! let's have one about fairies," said little Eva, "like that pretty one you told us about the little Indian fairy-flowers, Uncle Tom—don't you remember?"

Bobbie wished for a story of the sea; and Gwen begged for one about real grown up people; but at last Uncle Tom said he could only spare time to tell them one, so they agreed to leave him to choose it himself.

"Only let it be funny," they all said.

"All right," said Uncle Tom; "I'll tell you what made the River Nile overflow."

"Why, everybody knows that," said Charlie rather scornfully, for he was at the top of the geography class at school—though, to be sure, there were only two other boys in it; "it's because—because—oh well, I forget just now: but I know quite well," he added.

"So it seems," laughed Uncle Tom. "But never mind, my boy," he continued kindly, seeing Charlie looking a little crestfallen, "very few people besides myself know the real reason why the Nile rose; and if you will all sit down and keep quiet I'll tell you all about it."

There was a good bit of scrambling and changing places before they could get settled, but at last they were all seated somehow, and when they were as quiet as they could contrive ever to be, Uncle Tom began his story.

"Once upon a time, a monkey, who lived in the top story of a very nice palm tree by the River Nile, was strolling along with his hands in his pockets, taking his evening walk.

"He was whistling a lively tune, and every now and then he burst out laughing, apparently at nothing, but no doubt it was his thoughts which amused him, though I cannot tell you what they were.

"Two or three times he laughed so much that he was obliged to stand still, and once, when he had nearly exhausted himself with laughter, he thought he heard a dismal sort of noise near him, and raised his head to listen.

"Turning round, and wiping his eyes, from which the tears caused by his mirth were still streaming, he caught sight through the bushes of a fat old crocodile, who, seated on the river bank with a pocket handkerchief about the size of a tablecloth in his hand, was weeping ....

"The monkey could not believe his eyes at first; so he rubbed them vigorously, and looked again, but there was no mistake about it—there sat the old crocodile with tears pouring down his face, and groaning dismally.

"'What's the matter with the ridiculous old reptile?' said the monkey to himself. 'anyone would think, to look at him, that he was crying—only everybody knows what crocodile's tears are.' And he laughed heartily. 'Of course it couldn't be—it's absurd, you know.'

"And so saying the monkey stuck his hands in his pockets again, and sauntered on.

"But before he had gone far, a deeper and more dismal groan reached his ear, and he stopped again, pushing his old straw hat very far back on his head, in his amazement, and scratching his ear with a puzzled look.

"'There must be something in it,' he said at last; 'anyhow, I'll just step round that way and see what is going on.'

"So he retraced his steps, and making his way over, instead of through, the bushes, crept softly down behind the crocodile, whose huge back was convulsed with the violence of his grief, and whose tears were dropping one by one off the end of his nose into the river.

"'Here's a game!' said the monkey to himself in a delighted whisper; 'oh, here's a lovely game! Crocodile's tears, as I'm a living monkey. Oh my!' and he laughed so much that he shook like a jelly.

"When he recovered himself somewhat he proceeded to inquire into the cause of such distress.

"'What's the matter, crocky?' he shouted suddenly, so loudly that the crocodile, who was quite absorbed in his grief, nearly tumbled head first into the river in his fright.

"'Good gracious!' he gasped, as he recovered his balance by clutching at the monkey's tail, 'whatever do you mean by hollering like that? You might have been the death of me, giving me such a fright,' and fanning himself vigorously with his huge pocket handkerchief, he sat down panting.

"The monkey, grinning and chattering with delight, watched him until he had recovered his breath, and then repeated his question, but in a more gentle tone this time, and adding, 'I'm afraid you are not well.'

"'Thank you much for your inquiries, friend,' the crocodile replied. 'Since you are good enough to ask, I'll own I have a pain inside.'

"'Caught cold perhaps?' suggested the monkey sympathetically.

"The crocodile mournfully shook his head.

"'No?' said the monkey. 'Been eating nuts then, I suppose?'

"But the crocodile began to weep again. 'It's a great worse than that,' he sobbed; 'a great deal worse—I've eaten a mummy.'

"'A what?' said the monkey, who did not quite catch the remark.

"'I didn't say a what,"' groaned the crocodile querulously; 'I wish you'd listen properly. I said a "mummy."'

"'Oh,' said the monkey, rather aghast; 'what did you do that for?'

"'Don't be so stupid,' snapped the crocodile. 'Do you think I went and ate a mummy on purpose?'

"'Don't say, I'm sure,' replied the monkey with provoking coolness; 'there's no accounting for tastes.'

"'Go along!' said the crocodile; 'it was an accident.'

"'Oh,' said the monkey, in a tone of relief; 'that's a different thing. But how did it happen, crocky?'

"'Look here, that's the second time you've called me crocky,' said the crocodile wrathfully, pulling down one corner of the handkerchief, in which he had enveloped his head, in order to glare at the monkey. 'Now, don't you do it again.'

"'All right,' said the monkey; 'I won't if you object. Tell us all about the ....'

"'Well, it's like this, you see,' the crocodile said in a muffled voice from behind the handkerchief; 'I always have a little bit of a lunch in the middle of the day—our family dines late, you know,' he put in with a touch of superiority—'and I saw a nice looking morsel floating down my way, so I just took it in as it passed, without thinking, and now the rhinoceros tells me it was a mummy. He says he wouldn't have had it happen to him for anything,' and the crocodile rocked himself backwards and forwards in his trouble.

"'Dear me!' said the monkey; 'that's bad.'

"'That's what the rhinoceros said,' sobbed the crocodile. 'He said he wasn't at all particular about a year or two, but he did draw the line at several thousands.'

"'Just as well for him,' said the monkey; 'things ate are to be a trifle indigestible at that age. But what's to be done for you?'

"'Ah, that's the point! What would you suggest?' and the crocodile emerged from the handkerchief, looking hopefully at the monkey.

"But the latter only shook his head, looking so grave that the unfortunate crocodile collapsed, and covered his head up again.

"'Feel very bad?' the monkey inquired, as a stupendous groan burst from the handkerchief; 'I always have a little bit of a lunch in the middle of the day—our family dines late, you know,' he put in with a touch of superiority—'and I saw a nice looking morsel floating down my way, so I just took it in as it passed, without thinking, and now the rhinoceros tells me it was a mummy. He says he wouldn't have had it happen to him for anything,' and the crocodile rocked himself backwards and forwards in his trouble.

"'Dear me!' said the monkey; 'that's bad.'

"'That's what the rhinoceros said,' sobbed the crocodile. 'He said he wasn't at all particular about a year or two, but he did draw the line at several thousands.'

"'Just as well for him,' said the monkey; 'things ate are to be a trifle indigestible at that age. But what's to be done for you?'

"'Ah, that's the point! What would you suggest?' and the crocodile emerged from the handkerchief, looking hopefully at the monkey.

"But the latter only shook his head, looking so grave that the unfortunate crocodile collapsed, and covered his head up again.

"'Feel very bad?' the monkey inquired, as a stupendous groan burst from the handkerchief.

"'Awful,' was the reply.

"'Any better now?' he asked after a long interval, during which the crocodile had several times attempted, unsuccessfully, to stand on his head.

"'Worse,' was the dismal reply.

"'Ah, I shouldn't wonder,' said the monkey, reflectively. 'It strikes me, my afflicted friend,' he continued, as he stuck his hat on the back of his head again and began to saunter off, 'that this bad old mummy is going to make an end of you.'

"'You don't say so! Oh, deary me!' the crocodile replied. And then, as the monkey disappeared, he sat down upon the bank again, and cried, and cried, 'and ....

"And that's how it was the Nile overflowed," said Uncle Tom ... and shook himself. And then before the children realized that the story was finished, he was off out of the French window, which opened on to the lawn, and had got half-way across the garden.

Away they all went after him as fast as they could run, for they had heaps of questions to ask him. They particularly wanted to know if it could be true that crocodiles can weep real tears just like other people, and what a lot this poor old crocodile must have cried to make a big river like the Nile overflow.

But Uncle Tom had very long legs, and whether the children did manage to catch him, I cannot say.

THE NEWSPAPER BORROWER.—A mild-looking man with gold-bowed spectacles got on a car the other morning, says the Buffalo Express. He had a paper in his hand.

He took off his glasses and wiped them, as all spectacled men have to do when going from a cold to a warmer atmosphere, and was just taking his paper out to read, when a man who was sitting near him reached over and said:

"Lend me that newspaper, will you?"

The mild-looking man appeared surprised. Evidently he did not know the would-be borrower, and was a little taken aback by his nerve. He was equal to the occasion, however.

"I was going to read it myself," he said, "but as you seem to need to read newspapers more than I do, I'll lend it to you."

The borrower took it without even saying "Thank you." The spectacled man leaned back with an expression of amused disgust.

"Say," he said, "would you like to have that paper sent to you regularly? If you would, I'll step into the office and pay for a year's subscription for you."

"Why, you are very kind," said the other. "I usually borrow it, but I would not object to having it given to me."

"I thought not," said the spectacled man. "By the way, have you any tickets for the theatre to night?"

"No," was the reply. "I seldom go to theatres."

"I was sure of it. I'll step in and buy a couple of orchestra seats for you if you ...."

"Why, I'm sure—"

"Oh, don't mention it. And while I think of it, can't I order a couple of tons of coal for you?"

"I'm about out—"

"Exactly. Your grocery bill is unpaid, too, isn't it? I'll go around and settle it for you to-night."

"I really don't understand, sir—"

"No, of course you don't. But won't you accompany me to the tailor's and let me buy you a new suit of clothes?"

By this time the sponger began to see the drift of the conversation.

"You're trying to guy me," he said, with a feeble attempt at a smile.

"Not at all," said the spectacled man."

"I belong to a philanthropic society and am trying to live up to its leading principle."

"What is its leading principle?"

"That dead beats should in all cases be given enough rope to hang themselves, if possible. I'm beginning to doubt, though, whether it's possible in your case."

The sponger threw down the paper and retired to the cold corner of the car nearest the door.

WORK AND WORRY.—It is all a well understood fact that it is not work that kills, but worry; and from this text some most sensible and profitable hygienic discourses have been preached during recent years. The conclusion of the whole matter is this.

Brain work is conducive to health and longevity, while brain-worry causes disease and shortens life. The truth of this statement and its application to what we see around us are evident enough; yet it is well that such subjects should be continually discussed.

A life of intellectual labor, although severe, like that performed by the judges of our highest courts, or by scholars and persons devoted to literary pursuits, if unmixed with excitement and followed with regularity, is not only a happy life, but is seen also to promote bodily health and long life.

On the other hand, mental cares, attended with suppressed emotions, and occupations which from their nature are subject to great vicissitudes of fortune and constant anxiety, break down the lives of ....

... conversation with yourself. This is the way in which to attain the highest relish of existence; and, if I may so say, to cast anchor in the river of life.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Tobacco was discovered in San Domingo in 1496.

St. Louis is the fourth manufacturing city in this country.

A Haverhill, Mass., barber has been fined $20 for refusing to shave a colored man.

Five Harvard alumni and two graduates of Yale sit in the present United States ....

There were only about 300,000 United States troops engaged in the war of the rebellion.

The first American library was founded in 1638 at Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.

Out of 382 towns in Massachusetts there are only twenty four which have no public libraries.

Swapping horses on the streets in Kentucky is prohibited in a bill now before the State Legislature.

Curfew laws are quite common in the ... Iowa, Dakota and Minnesota.

Potatoes are being marketed in large quantities at Grantsburg, Wis., the price being 6 and 7 cents per bushel.

Artificial teeth of porcelain were made in France as early as 1775. A full upper and lower set cost a little over $100.

The hotel sign that was put up 112 years ago on the old St. John's Tavern, in Hartford, was taken down a few day ago.

It is estimated that the floods of the Yellow river in China in the present century have cost something like eleven millions of lives.

The price of kisses is much higher in Indiana than in either Missouri or Minnesota. A Hoosier has just been assessed $1000 for a kiss he didn't get.

Verona is a pretty old Maine town, but it never had a clergyman, a lawyer, or a doctor living in its limits, and is the only town in Maine that has no post-office.

The Missouri car of corn that took the prize of $100 at the World's Fair measured 67 feet and one-half inches in length, and is up to date the champion car of the world.

In the case of the true breed of Manx cats, like genuine similar breed, the Malay cat, the absence of the tail is undoubtedly normal, and in both specimens the hind legs are found to be relatively long.

There is a project to generate power in Kern county, Cal., by the agency of water-falls, for transmission to Los Angeles, 100 miles distant. The power is to be used to light the city and run the electric street cars.

The library of Senator Allison, at his home in Dubuque, Ia., is so large that the books overflow the house proper and many of them are stored in the cellar. The value of the library is said to be several times that of ....

Debrett's Peerage contains the information that within the last 30 years 120 new peerages have been created, while 64 have become extinct, and another table shows that nearly half the peers and baronets have inherited or received their titles within the last ten years.

Traveling churches are to be established on the Trans-Siberian Railway, which passes through many desert tracts, where neither village nor church can be met with for miles. Cars fitted up for divine service will be attached to the trains for the benefit of the officials.

Maine's Labor Commissioner has been gathering statistics on the cost of living in that state. He figures that the average daily cost of living is 21 cents a day for each individual in the average family. The cost of living to single men, boarding, 45 cents. Those ....

It may not generally be known that during the year St. Peter's, in Rome, was reconsecrated because a man cut his throat before the altar during the noon high mass. The last suicide in the church before this one was in 1867. It was not necessary to blow the building again at that time because the Pope was then in the sanctuary.

The oldest and most curious herbarium in the world is in the Egyptian museum at Cairo. It consists of crowns, garlands, wreaths and bouquets of flowers, all taken from the ancient tombs of Egypt, most of the examples being in excellent condition and nearly all of the flowers have been identified. They cannot be less than 3000 years old.

An authority on birds tells us that on the Continent, where the winters are more severe than in Great Britain, the willow grouse moults in the autumn and turns a whitish brown, the natural color of his surroundings, which protects him from birds of prey. When the ground is covered with snow the bird moults a second time and is perfectly white.

Bills for bounties on wolves and coyotes aggregating $64,000 have been presented to the Secretary of State of Montana, last fall, and the season is said to be only just about opening. The Legislature offered a bounty of $5 each on the scalps of wolves and ... lots of money hunting the animals. Indeed, wolf hunting has been adopted as a steady business by many former cowboys.

THE PAST.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

The past is very tender at my heart;
Full, as the memory of an ancient friend
When once again we stand beside his grave.
Raking among old papers thrown in haste
'Mid useless lumber, unawares I came
On a forgotten poem of my youth.
I went aside and read each faded page,
Warm with dead passion, sweet with buried Junes,
Filled with the light of suns that are no more.
I stood like one who finds a golden cross
Given by loving hands no more on earth,
And starts, beholding how the dust of years
Which dims all else, has never touched its light.

ORIGIN OF OUR INDIANS.

America is not rich in the relics of antiquity. Travelers tell us we are too new and too fresh to be interesting. Even when we point to the mound-builders and cliff-dwellers we are met with the theory that they were not indigenous, but were an importation from Carthage, or Atlantis, or China, or some other far-off land.

At last, however, we are coming to our rights and may be allowed soon to indulge the proud sense of undisputed proprietorship over a pre-historic civilization, such as it was. The Indian is really our own, totems, war dance and all, and it is only necessary now to extend the Monroe doctrine and call hands off to all outsiders who are striving to deprive us of the credit due us. Such are the reflections aroused by Dr. Edward Siler. He expresses his views as follows:

During the sixteenth century, at a time when it was much more difficult to determine the size and shape of the American continent, the idea prevailed that the ancestors of the Indians reached the continent in vessels from a long distance. Later it was common to picture the ancient Americans as crossing the Behring sea in large masses. The proofs offered in defence of these theories are not very convincing.

The old story told by Aristotle that ships from Carthage sailed west from the Pillars of Hercules, until, after many days, they discovered great uninhabited islands with large rivers, will hardly be accepted as a pre-Columbian discovery of America, and the Platonic fairy tales about Atlantis are just as unreliable.

Ancient Chinese annals speak of the land Fu-San, 12,000 miles east of China, and this has been thought to refer to Mexico. But Fu-San was a country well known to the Chinese, and the description given of its rulers and the customs of its people describe it as altogether Asiatic. Fu-San was probably one of the islands north of Japan, but certainly not Mexico.

The attempts to deduce the beginnings of American civilization from foreign sources are all the more curious as nobody tries to prove that Chinese civilization began in Egypt or Indian civilization in Chaldea. The Mexicans relate that their ancestors lived as hunters in the north. The Aztecs say that their fathers lived on an island in the sea.

It is very probable that some of the Mexican tribes only regarded the north as their ancient home because the north appeared to them strange and impenetrable. The tale that the Aztecs came over the water may be explained by the fact that they settled on an island in a salt water lake.

Mexican civilization shows that it belonged strictly to the soil where it developed, and it influenced the whole of the continent. Only a small portion of the North American tribes lived exclusively as hunters and fishermen.

Even the wild prairie Indians, the Dakotas, Cheyennes and Mandans, know something of agriculture. In languages, religion, customs and tribal constitution all Indians show a wonderful similarity to the Mexicans and to each other, which leads to the assumption that all came from a common stock.

The writer thinks that cross-shaped ornaments and hieroglyphics cannot well be taken as proofs of the prehistoric visits of Christian missionaries, nor do Chinese signs prove the presence of Buddhistic monks. Inventions are often made in different countries at the same period, and do not prove that communication between the inventors has taken place.

A close examination of the ancient mythology of the Indians shows that additions were made to please the Spaniards. Before the arrival of the latter there was no legend pointing to a European origin of the ancient legends or the gods whose deeds they describe. On this point Dr. Siler says:

In truth the traditions of South America contain nothing that can be construed into a proof of an introduction of Old World civilization. The story that an entire people reached Lambayeque on rafts and founded a dynasty there, as well as the tale that a foreign race landed on the coast of Ecuador and established a new dynasty in the capital of that country, must be regarded as referring to sea voyages of a somewhat local character. * * * The Monroe doctrine, with its motto America for Americans, must certainly be accepted with regard to the study of old American civilization.

"American scientific researches will be conducted much better when the fruitless attempts to prove imaginary connection cease.

That the curious mounds in the region of the Mississippi and the articles found therein are not the work of a strange nation of mound builders may be regarded as certain. The latest American researches prove that these mounds are the works of the ancestors of the Indians.

That the civilization of the cliff-dwellers and the former inhabitants of the pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona is very similar to that of the tribes still found in these regions is clear to all who have had a chance for comparison.

SOLID GROUND.—Never affect to be other than you are—either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say, "I do not know." Men will then believe you when you say, "I do know." Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, "I cannot afford it," "I cannot afford to waste an hour in the idleness to which you invite me," "I cannot afford the dollar you ask me to throw away." Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward, or for the sudden spring over a precipice.

Grains of Gold.

Prefer loss before unjust gain, for that brings grief but once, this for ever.

Woe unto those who find a pearl in the stream of life, and fling it heedlessly away.

He who puts a bad construction upon a good act, reveals his own wickedness at heart.

Spare minutes are mighty laborers if kept to their work. They overthrow or build up, enrich or impoverish a man.

Youth and the lark have their songs for the morning; age and the nightingale theirs for the evening.

Never retire at night without being wiser than when you rose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

Hope is a prodigal young heir, and experience is his banker; but his drafts are seldom honored, there being generally a heavy balance against him.

There is perhaps no time at which we are disposed to think so highly of a friend as when we find him standing higher than we expected in the esteem of others.

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

The avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dew with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.

Femininities.

The gravestone never says a mean thing about the man.

A man who is jealous of his neighbor's success can never be wholly happy.

A woman may be a mystery to a man and to herself; but never to another woman.

Governor Morton, of New York, will be seventy-three years old when the St. Louis Convention meets.

According to a musical journal there are in London at this moment 244,000 females who are learning music.

Emperor William now has another brilliant scheme on his mind. He wants to pick out a husband for the girl Queen of Holland.

It is calculated that thirty per cent. of theatre-going women do not wear hats at the theatre, and thirty per cent. more take them off.

Two Chicago Aldermen have been arrested and carried off in a patrol wagon to a police station for fighting in the street and assaulting a policeman.

Some people are still discussing whether a woman ought to ride a bicycle, but we do not hear any one suggesting the possibility of stopping her.

She, angrily: I was a fool when I married you. He: Aren't you a fool still? She: No, I am not. He: Then you should be thankful to me for reforming you.

Mrs. Bimly: Mrs. Talkalot has a splendid memory. Mrs. Jimly: Yes; I don't believe she has ever forgotten a word of all the scandal that she has ever heard.

Brown: Your wife's mother helps her a good deal, doesn't she? Smith: Yes; she has gone into town now to buy a dress to match some buttons her mother gave her.

It is authentically reported that a San Diego, Cal., man was recently cured of insomnia by going shopping with his wife. But he wasn't keeping his eyes open for bargains.

It is generally easier for a wife to go upstairs and find something for her husband in a bureau drawer than it is for her to put the drawer in order again after he has found it.

In Decatur, Mich., the population of which is 1500, the President of the Village Council is Mrs. Alma Sago, and all of the town officers, except that of official dog-catcher, are filled by women.

"What," shouted the unfortunate young husband, "what is more harrowing than to be linked for life to a woman with a cold heart?" The aged one spat thoughtfully at the hole in the stove door. "Wal," said he, "I dunno but cold feet is wuss."

He was proposing to the Boston girl, and in the fervor of his plea he leaned over her anxiously. "Pardon me," she said, "are you not getting a trifle too parsimonious?" "Parsimonious!" he gasped. "Yes," she said; "or, as the vulgar would put it, 'close.'"

A little girl of Metz, 14 years old, named Louise Fuchs, has just been condemned to eight days' imprisonment for having insulted the German Emperor. The insult consisted in writing a private letter to one of her little friends, in which there was something disrespectful to his Majesty. Such sentences are quite common in Alsace-Lorraine.

There are many remarkable pearl necklaces whose value is extraordinary. These necklaces are made up gradually, pearl after pearl being added to the set, and the leading jewelers are constantly on the lookout to procure gems of like rarity to extend the chain. On the whole, pink pearls are not especially valuable, pink ones bringing far higher prices.

The suit of Marquis di Marescotti, of Bologna, Italy, against the Princess Anna Maria Torlonia, of Rome, which has just come to an end in the former city, has excited widespread interest. It had a curious origin. In 1881 a Torlonia was married to a Marescotti, and brought him a marriage gift considerably less than had been promised. The Marquis of that time sued for the difference, and the present Marquis received a verdict of 207,000 francs against the family.

An enterprising woman of Chicago has made a study of entertaining children, and has turned her acquirements in this line to practical account. She assists at children's parties, arranging beforehand an entertainment suitable to the age and tastes of the company. A woman who has mastered the art of entertaining little ones will no doubt prove a boon to those whose hospitality has been somewhat checked through inability to be interesting.

Cecil Armitage, a young Englishman in Ashanti, tells of a strange West African "Joan of Arc," who is equipping an army for King Prempeh. Her appearance is more impressive than beautiful, and, unlike the famous French Joan, whose features we know, this dusky Amazon is said to have only one eye, one ear and one arm, and to wear her hair hanging long. With one touch of her magic wand she can bring armies together, and in an engagement a brass pan is placed before her, into which all the bullets from the enemy can conveniently fall without hurting her brave soldiers.

Masculinities.

Woman is given to exaggeration. She declares every day that she hasn't a thing to wear.

"You see, I was engaged to my wife without ever having seen her." "Yes; that is quite evident."

If every woman dressed to please the average man she wouldn't spend half so much for clothes as she does now.

The ill-temper which is supposed to be chronic among the English people is said to come from excessive meat eating.

A Spanish engineer named Torres has devised a calculating machine by which the roots of algebraic equations of any degree can be obtained.

A 70-year-old citizen of Ellsworth Falls, Me., has had a severe attack of whooping cough during the past week, and is slowly recovering from it.

A lawsuit at Beech Springs, Va., near Bristol, over a 62 calf, cost the litigants $100, and when the case was settled the animal was found dead in a cave.

On a wager a West Virginia man in ten days drank a gallon of alcohol, two gallons of hard cider, seven quarts of whisky and six bottles of gin.

Belgium proposes to facilitate marriage by reducing the legal age for both sexes to 21 years, and by making the consent of the father alone necessary.

First clerk: I hear Bjones has been discharged. What was the trouble? Second clerk: He had a sore mouth, and couldn't laugh at the boss' jokes.

President Felix Faure always breaks up his dinner parties promptly at 10 o'clock in order to retire early, and for the same reason declines all invitations to dine out.

Two colored citizens of Findlay quarreled as to which was the better church member. After viewing the remains, the Coroner was unable to pass an opinion on the question.

An Illinois farmer who had no faith in banks put his money, $1000, in an oyster can. The other day he went to look at his money. He found the can and $60 out of his $1000.

Two pious Kentuckians engaged in a religious discussion the other day, and because one good brother would not accept the dogmas of the other the latter beat his brains out with a club.

Absent-minded party: Why, how do you do, Barker? How's your wife? Barker: My wife! Why, my dear doctor, I never married. Absent-minded party: Really! Congratulate her for me.

In Constantinople the restaurants are now expected to provide knives and forks for their customers. In Persia, however, the diner is given no fork, and in place of it uses a bit of unleavened bread.

Unskilled laborers in the Swiss iron works consider themselves fortunate if they make 50 cents a day. Skilled workmen receive from 55 cents to $1, according to dexterity and length of employment.

Andrew Asper, of Chicago, got a prescription from a doctor, with directions to take his medicine in three doses. Andrew was in a hurry, and took the three doses at once. His funeral occurred three days later.

There has not been a lawyer in the town of Boxford, Mass., a place of a thousand or more inhabitants, in several years, and last week the one lone policeman comprising the town's force was discharged. The town is said to be in excellent financial condition and a healthy community.

Emperor William of Germany has been a blight to the aristocratic society of Berlin. His arbitrary manners have led to quarrels with many of the society leaders of the German capital, and the court circle has been narrowed by the withdrawal of prominent members who could not get on with their autocratic relative.

Statistics are said to show that young men do not, on the average, attain full physical maturity until they arrive at the age of twenty-eight years. Professor Schuiller of Harvard asserts, as the result of his observations, that young men do not attain the full measure of their mental faculties before twenty-five years of age. A shrewd observer has said that "most men are boys until they are thirty, and little boys until they are twenty-five;" and this accords with the standard of manhood, which was fixed at thirty, among the ancient Hebrews and other races.

In Oldtown, Me., there once lived a unique character who was noted for the particularly poor horses he kept about him. Many a time he would be seen upon the road with an animal whose condition would warrant the intervention of the society with a long name. One day he appeared upon the street with a nag which would hardly serve for the crows, and was accosted by a fellow-townsman with "That's a pretty good looking horse you have there, Uncle Simeon." "Yes," replied the driver, "I've decided there's no money in these fifty-cent horses, and have decided to have no more to do with them. I paid $1 for this one."

Latest Fashion Phases.

For the early spring coats and capes are both going to be largely worn, and they will be rather more fanciful than last season's. The Louis XV. style will be used in variations. It is certainly a quaint and pretty style, bringing with it plenty of lace and fancy buttons, but it does need a bit of retouching to make it practicable for general wear. Woman's sweaters are coming along on the tip-top wave of popular favor, and by the time spring is in full swing they will be rolling in in numbers past the counting. For mountain and seashore outing the sweater fills a long-felt want. It is just the thing to wear. What ugly, awkward arrangements they used to be, the sweater is now a thing of beauty. Sleeves that are gracefully baggy—a fit that is perfect, and even on some the ripple skirted effect, are a few of the attractions of the up-to-date sweater. They can be worn either inside or out of the skirt. Most of them button on the shoulder. Some lace up the front. However they are, it is an easy matter to get into them. All colors and designs can be had, and she who forgets to add a sweater when making up her wardrobe for the summer campaign leaves out a valuable friend. A pretty little waist of green linen is made with full elbow sleeves, finished with a ruffle of the goods. The entire waist part is made of the linen color, embroidered in pink. Ribbon bows sit jauntily on the shoulders, and the crushed belt is also made of ribbon. Waists that are marvels of prettiness swarm the shops as thickly as bees in a field of clover. Everything runs to bright colors and daring combinations, but somehow the effect is generally pleasing.

A stylish gown for Lenten wear was made of brown and tan cloth, trimmed with large white pearl buttons. The wide skirt is quite plain.

A perfectly plain tight fitting bodice of brown cloth has a jacket-like bodice of tan cloth, with a short fluted back at the sides and back, the front of the bodice terminating in a point which is ornamented with four white pearl buttons. This jacket is slashed at the dart seam and front and is formed into bands. The centre bands extend to the shoulders, close to the sleeve, while the side ones cross the central bands and are fastened in the shoulder seam close to the collar. These bands, the basque and seams, are all stitched. The collar band of brown cloth has projected square tabs of tan cloth bordered with stitching. The full gigot sleeves of tan cloth is perfectly plain.

The hat of tan felt has a large bow of tan satin ribbon at the front. A wired frill of white lace, glittering with many colored paillettes, is arranged across the back close to the crown, while three tan ostrich tips are placed back of the frill and held in position by a large pearl buckle.

Another pretty church gown is made of hazel-nut brown cloth, trimmed with black gauffered velvet. The full skirt on either side of the front is cut out, forming three curved bands of the cloth, which are trimmed with small fancy buttons arranged close to the front edge. Black velvet is placed under the bands and shows between the slashings.

The black velvet bodice has a round cloth yoke and is embellished in the front by two curved bands of the cloth, ornamented with small buttons. The pointed cloth belt is enhanced at the upper edge on either side by a series of small buttons. The cloth collar-band has an insertion of black velvet in the centre of the front, bordered with buttons, and the flaring collar is of white cloth. The cravat is of black tulle, with white lace applique. The sleeves are cut leg-o'-mutton shape, adorned at the wrist by insertions of black velvet and small buttons. The sleeve is opened at the back and is edged with the tulle.

The hat of hazel-nut brown felt is trimmed with loops of taffeta ribbon of several shades lighter. The loops are secured with fancy buckles, and the two ends of ribbon are edged with white lace. An aigrette of peacock feathers decorates either side of the back.

Another Lenten gown is made of mauve cloth. The full skirt is quite plain.

The bodice of cloth has a seamless under-bodice stretched on a fitted lining, over which is worn a smart cloth coat without basques. The fronts turn back to form a square revers collar of black velvet. Small gilt buttons enrich the edge of the coat from the revers to the waist line. The vest is trimmed with a stylish design carried out in white satin applique. The belt and collar band are of black velvet. The gigot sleeves are ornamented with fine gilt buttons.

The black velvet hat is embellished with black ostrich tips and black satin ribbon.

An attractive church gown is made of gray-blue face cloth. The full skirt is untrimmed.

A plain, tight fitting bodice of the cloth has short, full basques and is worn under a short jacket (without basques) of blue velvet, with full leg-of-mutton sleeves. The collar band is of cloth, while the high flaring collar is made of velvet.

A jaunty little blue velvet toque is worn with this toilette. It is trimmed with red flowers and white aigrettes.

Odds and Ends.

HINTS ON A NUMBER OF INTERESTING SUBJECTS.

Minute Pudding.—Put one pint of water on the stove to boil; stir in flour enough to make as stiff as you want it, a little salt, and one teaspoonful of sugar; stir quickly, for it will burn easily; turn into a dish, and eat it hot, with sugar and milk, or cream, if you have it.

Egg Sauce.—Put two eggs over the fire to boil hard. Put in a saucepan over the fire a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and stir them until they are smoothly blended, then gradually stir in a pint of boiling water, season with salt and pepper. Let the sauce boil and place where it will keep hot; when the eggs are hard, shell them, cut into small dice, and put them into the sauce.

Egg Kromeskies.—Poach sufficient eggs for a dish in acidulated water; allow a tablespoonful of vinegar to a pint of water; boil until they are well set; then very carefully remove the eggs and put them into cold water. When cold, drain them thoroughly on a napkin, trim them neatly and sprinkle them with pepper, celery salt, and nutmeg, dip them into batter, and fry as quickly and evenly as possible.

Boiled Apple Roll.—Two cupfuls of flour with which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a cupful of butter, and ice water sufficient to form not too stiff a paste; roll thin, peel and slice over it some tart, tender apples, sweeten, salt, spice, and add a few bits of butter; roll tight, cut the ends square, and wrap in a pudding-cloth, allowing room to rise, plunge into boiling water and cook one hour. Serve with butter and sugar or sweet sauce.

Don't clean brass articles with acids. Use putty powder with sweet oil. Wash off with soap-suds, and then dry. This will insure brightness.

To clean oilcloth and linoleum, use cold tea, which is better than soap for the purpose. Then polish with linseed oil and a little turpentine. Worn spots paint over, and the life of the covering may be greatly prolonged.

To clean bamboo furniture use a brush dipped in salt water.

For stains in matting, from grease, wet the spot with alcohol, then rub on Castile soap. Let this dry in a cake, and then wash off with warm salt water.

Pink and blue ginghams of a washable make can be kept from fading by washing in a weak solution of vinegar and water. Rinse in the same way, and dry in the shade.

To prevent new paint brushes from shedding bristles turn handle down, open and spread the bristles, pour in a tablespoonful or less of good varnish and keep the brush in the same position until it dries.

The next time you get your shoes wet, if you will stand them up, pull them into shape and fill them with oats, such as horses eat, in a few hours all moisture will be drawn out of them and the leather will be soft and pliable. The same oats can be used over and over again.

Scatter sassafras bark among dried fruit to keep it from becoming wormy.

Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first, and then on the right, after which spots may be removed by the use of ox gall or ammonia and water.

Horseradish cut in thin strips lengthwise and a dozen or more of these strips placed on the top of each keg of pickles will keep them from becoming stale or moldy.

Coal will spend better, burn more evenly and there will be fewer clinkers if it is sprinkled with salt.

Sweeten old lard or butter jars and meat crocks by filling them with very hot lime water, and leaving them until it is cold.

To secure a smooth and durable darn in woolen stocking make the first layer of stout coarse, thread, and the cross layer of woolen yarns.

Genuine whalebone can be used the second time by soaking the best pieces in boiling water, for a few moments and ironing them straight while warm and pliable.

To clean bronzes, immerse in boiling water. Clean with flannel dipped in soapsuds and rub dry with chamois. An urn should be filled with boiling water before the exterior is cleaned.

When washing glassware do not put it in hot water bottom first, as it will be liable to crack from sudden expansion. Even delicate glass can be safely washed in very hot water if slipped in edgewise.

Wilted roses can be restored by placing the stems in hot water for a minute.

A mother who is an authority on foods advises mothers to give their children potatoes only twice a week, and then those that are baked. Give them boiled rice the other five days and some delicate green vegetables every day.

Coffee stains on white goods should be washed in warm water before placing in suds.

A dish or plate of water set in the oven when baking cake will prevent scorched edges.

To wash an oilcloth, use a flannel wet with warm water, wiping dry, and rubbing a little skim milk over it.

Powdered pipe clay mixed with water will remove oil stains from wall paper.

A very effectual way of toughening glass or china consists of placing the articles to be toughened in a large kettle of copper (of course, folding cloths, etc., around the things to keep them from knocking together) in enough cold water to cover them entirely; bring this water to a boil, let it boil for some time, then lift the pan off the fire, and do not touch its contents until the water is perfectly cold.

White lace and muslin curtains can, with a very little trouble, and at a trifling cost, be tinted a delicate shade of ecru, pale pink, heliotrope, or green, by using colored starches.

An icing for cake that will be found inexpensive and good, may be made by taking three tablespoonfuls of milk and letting it come to a boil. Then set it aside, and when it is cool add one tablespoonful of vanilla or other extract and stir in confectioner's sugar until thick enough to spread without running.

In preparing soup stock remember that the less fat there is in the stock pot the more delicate will be the flavor of the soup. Cut off as much fat as possible before putting the meat into the pot. A delicate flavor of ham will improve the stock, but it must be very slight. An ounce of ham to a gallon of water is a generous allowance.

One of the simplest disinfectants for the sick room is ground coffee, burned on a shovel. If two red hot coals are placed on a fire shovel, and a teaspoonful of ground coffee is sprinkled over them at a time, using three teaspoonfuls in all, it will fill the room with its aroma, and it is said to have the hygonic effect of preventing the spread of various epidemic diseases.

A bit of raw onion will remove fly specks from gilding without injury to the gilding.

A rough flat iron may be made smooth by rubbing it when warm over a teaspoonful of salt.

A pinch of salt put into starch will prevent its "sticking."

To remove iron mould stains from linen, a little oxalic acid should be dissolved in water, and the stained part dipped in the solution, when the iron mould will be found to disappear without injury to the fabric. The mixture may be kept in a bottle for any length of time, but it should be distinctly labeled, as it is a strong poison.

To remove paint from clothing, saturate it with turpentine until softened, and then wash out with soap and water.

Strong, tepid soda water will make glass very brilliant.

You may whiten yellow linen by boiling it half an hour in one pound of fine soap melted in one gallon of milk, then wash in suds, and then in two cold waters with a little blueing.

If a child runs a fish hook into a finger do not attempt to draw it out backward. Cut the line quite clear from it, turn the point upwards and push it through. Accidents with crochet needles are constantly occurring, and if one be pushed deeply into the flesh you had better not try to pull it out; the hook at the point will tear and inflame the part. A surgeon with proper instruments will take it out safely without any difficulty.

Crumpets.—One breakfast-cupful of flour, three-quarters of a breakfast-cupful buttermilk, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of baking soda, half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, one dessertspoonful of sugar, one egg; mix all the dry things, beat up the egg, and add the buttermilk to it, then mix all smoothly together; grease the griddle and drop the mixture on it, and fire on both sides.

Rice Cheese Cakes.—Line patty pans with paste, and put in the following mixture:—Half a pint of milk, two ounces of ground rice, three eggs, one lemon, six ounces of sugar. Mix the ground rice and milk, and stir over fire till it boils five minutes, then add the sugar and the grated rind of the lemon, then the juice, then the eggs, very well beaten, separately; when well mixed put into the pans and bake.

Lemon Marmalade.—Four pounds of lemons, eight breakfast-cupfuls of water. Wipe the lemons with a soft cloth, and pare the skin very thinly from them; cut into very thin chips; put these in an enamelled pan with two breakfast-cupfuls of the water, to boil for half an hour. Meanwhile, remove all the white part of the skin of the lemon, and put it aside. Cut up all the pulp, and put it in a jelly pan with the remainder of the water to boil for one hour. Then pour it into a jelly bag and let it drip. Measure the juice, and to each large breakfast-cupful of it put one pound of sugar. Also add the skins and the liquid they were boiled in. Let it all boil about half an hour, or till it gets thick, and put in pots.

Cocoanut Cookies.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of grated cocoanut, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour enough to roll. Roll very thin, bake quickly, but do not brown.

Sausage Roll.—Make dough as for baking powder biscuit. Roll and cut into pieces four inches wide and twice as long. Take fine sausage, put three or more pieces in the dough and roll up. Press the ends together and bake half an hour.

Fried Apples.—Wash and wipe six large, juicy apples that are not too tart; remove the cores with a sharp knife or apple-corer. Cut the apples around in slices half an inch thick, fry in hot butter until the slices are nicely browned on both sides, sprinkle with powdered sugar after removing to the dish in which they are to be served. A nice accompaniment for roast pork.

German Pound Cake.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of fine sugar, four eggs, quarter of a pound of mixed peel, quarter of a pound of sultana raisins, one teaspoonful of essence of lemon, half a teaspoonful of baking powder; put the butter and sugar in a basin, and beat it till perfectly white with a spoon; beat up the eggs for ten minutes till very light and stir them in, mixing them thoroughly; add the flour gradually, beating constantly; have the fruit carefully prepared and add it, also the baking powder and flavoring; butter a cake tin and cover it with paper, putting several folds in the bottom, and bake about one hour till the cake is ready; when cold ice the cake with half a pound of icing sugar, mixed quite smoothly with the white of one egg, or one and a half, as it may require; the white is not beaten up, only mixed with the sugar.

HEART AND INTELLECT.—The man equipped with a clear intellect and a cold heart cannot succeed in choosing the best methods for personal effort or in pursuing them in the best way, for he omits a large factor of humanity in all his schemes. In leaving out the emotions of pain and pleasures, of sorrow and joy, of love and longing, in failing to understand or to sympathize with the affections and enthusiasms of mankind, he shuts himself off from so large a part of human nature that he cannot possibly plan wisely, judge truly, or act intelligently. His mind will be as much warped in one direction as that of one who has no control over his feelings in the other.

A MAN'S greatness lies not in wealth and station, as the vulgar believe, not yet in his intellectual capacity, which is often associated with the meanest moral character, the most abject servility to those in high places, and arrogance to the lowly; but a man's true greatness lies in the consciousness of an honest purpose in life and a steady obedience to the rule which he knows to be right, without troubling himself about what others may think or say.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Pocket Magazine published by Stokes & Co., New York, contains complete stories by Brander Mathews, Rudyard Kipling, and others.

Cassell's Family Magazine for February is strong in fiction. In addition to the serial, "The Missing Witness," by Frank Barrett, there are three short stories. Other timely articles including a page of music and "The Gatherer" department complete an excellent number. Published at New York.

The March number of The Quiver presents a splendid table of miscellaneous contents, in addition to instalments of two serial stories, and two complete stories. Nearly every article is grandly illustrated. Published at New York.

The complete novel in the March issue of Lippincott's is "A Whim and a Chance," by William T. Nichols. Clare E. Robie sketches sharply and not admiringly the portrait of "A Labor Leader," and Emily Baily Stone presents a picture of "Household Life in Another Century." The other matter in all lines is of the usual high character. Published in this city.

There is a wide diversity in the contents of the March St. Nicholas. Stories, sketches, and poems will appeal to the boys and girls of various ages. The series of natural history papers by W. T. Hornaday is brought to an end in "The Lowest of Quadrupeds." All the serials carry along their plots with interesting chapters. There are the usual number of poems and jingles, a prize puzzle, "The Fairy Godmother," is printed. Published at New York.

The Eclectic Magazine for March opens with Prince Kropotkin's altruistic article on "Mutual Aid Among Modern Men." It is followed by "Three Cameos," a group of clever historical character sketches purporting to come from the pens of their respective subjects. "The Future of Politics" is a thoughtful contribution from Mr. Henry Dyer. The other miscellaneous articles and departments are also of a decided interest. Published at New York.

The "Popular Science Monthly" has among its contents for March, "Principles of Taxation, by David A. Wells; "The Failure of Scientific Materialism," by Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald; "The Study of Inheritance," "Exercise as a Remedy," "The Story of a Monkey," illustrated; "The Ancient Islanders of California," illustrated; "Acclimatization," "Educational Values in the Elementary School" and "The Velocity of Electricity." Published at New York.

The "Century" for March opens with a timely article of a light character by F. Hopkinson Smith, entitled a "Personally Conducted Arrest in Constantinople." Another article of popular character is a sketch of the elder Dumas, by Mrs. Emily Crawford, in which a vivid picture is drawn of that robust novelist. Entertaining also is the fiction of the number and short stories by Chester Bailey Fernald and Mrs. Burton Harrison. The rest of the magazine pictured and unpictured like all its predecessors is of the best. Published at New York.

CANINE ARISTOCRACY.

IN the fashionable London world the dog is everywhere. The love of him is exceeded only by the prevailing passion for horseflesh, and plays a very good second part even to that.

Big and little, fat and thin, beautiful and ugly, a very limited canvas of the houses of the affluent and aristocratic would soon furnish examples of each such variety of canine.

Of course, handsome or downright hideous, the society dog must be expensive. If society took to smoking clay pipes, a dearer variety than the ordinary tavern kind would have to be invented.

Only once did I ever encounter a mongrel in Mayfair. I was calling upon a certain peer, when, to my surprise, a regular east end workman's lurcher came downstairs.

"That's a valuable dog," said I, ironically, to the man of powdered hair.

"He is a bit of an outsider in these parts, I must confess," consented the footman. "But he's not a bad little sort, and fairly worships the master.

"You see, when he was coming home from a supper one night, he found this dog sitting on the doorstep, and when the door opened in he pops as well.

"'It's a beastly cold night,' says his lordship, 'let the poor brute stop;' and the little dog he showed himself so grateful that here he's been ever since."

And here I may remark that, as far as my observation goes, the West-end dog does not appear to be so big-hearted as his common brother. You seldom see that pathetic watching of its owner's face, as if to anticipate his every wish, that is observable in the plebeian canine. Perhaps the society dog is too well bred to outwardly betray his feelings!

I remember waiting in the spacious hall of a Park Lane mansion as the lady of the house came down to start for a drive.

Before her marched a tiny Italian greyhound, clad in a blue cloth coat with gilt braid and monogram, and a silver collar round his delicate throat. As he moved across the marble hall he winked with the air of a prima donna crossing the stage under the stare of the envious supers.

Arrived outside, he looked up at the footman, as much as to say reprovingly, "Jeames, you have not let down the steps;" and, as he hopped into the carriage, the exclamation burst from a gaping butcher's boy—

"Ain't he a little swell!"

Calling upon a lady one day at her rooms in a fashionable hotel, a pretty little dog, quite a pup, and ornamented with a collar, on which hung five tinkling bells, came in with her.

At the time I swore inwardly at those bells, which kept up an annoying rattling all the time we were talking; but afterwards, I frequently blessed them.

"I must run upstairs and show it to you," said the lady, referring to an article which she particularly admired. "Please, be very careful that little 'Toddy' does not get out. I would not lose him for anything."

Promising to be very cautious indeed, I, to wile away the time, made a tour of the room, looking at the photographs and pictures, and—forgot all about the dog.

Suddenly a distant tinkling caught my ear. I turned. The door was open. "Todgy" had escaped.

Guided by the faint sound of bells, downstairs I rushed, just in time to see the little brute disappearing across the hall.

"Stop him!" I cried to the hall porter; but it was too late. Hatless as I was, I tore after the runaway; who, bounding along as if he thoroughly enjoyed the fun, turned into Bond Street with me in close pursuit.

The chase—it took place about three o'clock in the afternoon in the very height of the season—evoked much enthusiasm in that elegant thoroughfare; and when, at the corner of Brook Street, as a fishmonger's lad hurled his basket in front of the flying dog, I tumbled gracefully over the latter into the roadway, a perfect roar went up.

And, to complete my discomfiture, when at last I did regain the hotel, carrying the confounded "Todgy" under my arm, the lady greeted me with the consolatory remark—

"Oh! I began to be afraid that you had stolen him: only I couldn't think why you'd left your hat."

On several occasions severe shocks have been administered to me by society canines.

Calling one day upon the Duchess of Wellington at Apsley House, I was watching from a window the traffic of Hyde Park Corner, when my heart leaped into my mouth, as, approaching quite noiselessly over the thickly-carpeted floor, a huge hound, higher than my waist, came gliding round me between my body and the window.

The mistress of this historic mansion is, as is well known, a cripple, walking with the aid of crutches, and on each of my several visits this same splendid dog hardly moved a foot away from her Grace during the whole interview.

Calling upon a charming young lady, the daughter of a rich foreign banker, I was ushered into her room, a perfect little nest of beauty, all soft lights and shadows, and pale pink and blue upholstery.

A brass cage containing two milk-white cooing doves stood on the table; and the young lady herself, a picture of feminine beauty and softness, was arranging roses in a china vase.

We had been talking but a moment, when a scratching sound came from the direction of the door. The young lady heard it.

"Oh! there's Billie," she said sweetly. "He always comes up to me of a morning. Would you mind letting him in?"

"Certainly," said I; wondering, as I crossed the room, whether Billie was a pet pug or a baby brother.

The next instant the most enormous and repulsive looking white bull dog that I hope ever to see, blundered against my legs into the room.

Paying a visit to a well known artist, famous for "doggy" pictures, the writer found him surrounded by a small pack of terriers; one of the largest of which, as soon as I entered, with lips turned ferociously back, launched himself headlong at me.

Retreating promptly behind a chair, I saw to my relief that the dog was held captive by a thong carried in the gentleman's hand.

"Don't be nervous," said the man of the palette, easily; "I've got him."

So I sat down and proceeded to business, but had not got far before, thoughtlessly making a sudden movement with my arm, the dog again hurled himself at me, making me feel so shaky that I was fain to inform its master that I could not go on while the animal remained in the room.

"I'll put him out," said he; "he is a bit fierce, I'll confess, and would have your leg in a wink if I let go. Already he has frightened away three young pupils. Perhaps I'm foolish to keep him."

I should have liked to have said that I thought so; but I didn't. I was too thankful to see the brute disappear to venture to insult him. There may be nothing like leather; but even a half-inch strap looks remarkably frail when it is all that keeps the fangs of an infuriated terrier out of what calves you are able to boast of.

QUEER CALLINGS.

"How am I to get my living?" is the question that thousands of perplexed girls and women are asking themselves in this age of keen competition and feverish struggle for "a living wage."

For instance, a young lady in Bangor, Me., contrives to make a fair living by administering corporal punishment, with hand, slipper or cane to any children needing chastisement. Her charge is only five cents per operation; she sets no limit as to age or sex, and naughty Bangor keeps her busy.

Miss Ada Curnutt is deputy constable of Oklahoma City, the capital of the new territory, the refuge of tramps, loafers and criminals. She manages the force, directs the detectives, and even operates arrests in person.

New York's fashionable Fifth Avenue, at its business end, is the scene of operations of a woman, well dressed, with a glittering diamond in her ear and at her throat, who explores the dustbins of, each large house.

She confines her attention to milliners' and dressmakers' dust bins, carefully extracting all bits of lace, feathers, silk, etc. She contracts for ball-dressing, and employs a number of assistants.

She buys up all discarded scraps of the costly silks, satins, etc., used by dressmakers.

Between these and the dustbins she collects materials for her different Lilliputian "creations."

Mrs. Campbell Wilson, of Cleveland, started as a florist on a capital of 50 cents and with a debt of $100. By perseverance and energy she soon reimbursed this money, and at once enlarged her premises. By following certain strict rules she has built up quite a prosperous business.

Madame Henry Barrolhet, of California, owns one hundred and forty acres of highly cultivated land. Twenty acres she devotes to violets, of which, in the season, she sends eight thousand bunches to market daily.

Think what that means when some florists charge 50 cents per dozen bunches for this flower!

Mrs. Richard King owns one of the largest ranches in the world. It is situated in Texas, and aggregates 700,000 acres. Live stock and grain are the principal products of this immense estate, which yields profits proportionate to its extent.

Miss Rachel Frank, a graduate of the Cincinnati Hebrew College, was recently nominated as the first woman Rabbi ever known.

The lift of a New York business building is run by a vigorous, rosy-cheeked and muscular girl of twenty. Everyone marvels at her dexterity, politeness, and maidenly reserve. An impudent reporter having inquired her name, she replied—"Call me Mary Jane. I am here to work, not to chatter about myself. All aboard!"

Mrs. Joshua Palmer, of Portland, Maine, does not waste her time coddling her husband or rocking the out-of-date cradle. She has just discovered a new method of manufacturing wood pulp, by which the expense and time of manufacture are reduced 20 per cent. A big company has been formed, and the business successfully started.

Miss Susan King is one of the most remarkable women in New York. For forty years she has dealt in New York real estate, and has become very wealthy. But her personal expenditure has not varied. She dresses plainly, in 1845 style, lives at the top of an ordinary lodging-house, in two rooms furnished modestly and heated by an oil stove. She knew all the notables—the pioneer Vanderbilt, Jim Fiske, Jay Gould, John Jacob Astor—and her experience of American business is most extensive.

A woman recently arrived at Washington as the accredited agent of a State. This was Miss Ella Knowles, Assistant Attorney-General of Montana. Her spirited canvass for the Attorney-Generalship was the talk of the country; universal popularity led to her appointment as Assistant to her successful rival—a man.

A New York woman earns $2,500 a year by buying for wealthy men who are too busy in the daytime and too tired at night to go shopping.

During the year she buys on commission thousands of dollars worth of jewelry, flowers, dress, laces, furs, and knick-knacks, which chiefly go as presents from generous men to attractive women.

She is kept busy all the year round, and employs many assistants. She formerly shopped for women as well, but as her masculine clientele increased she declined feminine patronage. She found women finical and hard to please, undecided, always wanting things changed.

There are scores of other curious professions practised by women. A New York lady gains a comfortable livelihood by teaching and playing whist. In Buffalo a woman owns and runs a street-cleaning bureau; in Kansas City a woman is at the head of the fire department; a Louisville lady makes special shopping trips to Paris; another in New York makes flat furnishing a business; a lady in New Hampshire is manager of a street railway. Chicago boasts of a lady embalmer.

But the champion instance of feminine enterprise is furnished by the sympathetic New York girl who listens to the sorrows and misfortunes of her fellow creatures for three shillings an hour! As thousands are yearning for more sympathy than their friends care to give to give, this tender-hearted young lady will always find clients.

"NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER."—"I have been wakefully considering the wooing of 'Nature's sweet restorer' of late," says a rather nervous woman, "and I find that there is nothing so good, after all, as lighting a candle and reading mild fiction, which soothes and distracts the mind, without exciting it.

"Any specific for sleeplessness I should carefully avoid, as, in the end, they are sure to bring trouble. A big bed for a sleepless person is a necessity, for it gives unrestrained change of position. A warm bath at night, with a good rubbing, is most beneficial, and so is a biscuit eaten, to draw the blood from the head; but beware of employing artificial means of inducing sleep!

"Any drug is bound to lose its effect sooner or later, and it entails eventually much greater discomfort. This is a truth that has taken me years to learn; but, now that I have discarded everything of the sort, I find that, although I shall never be what is called a sound sleeper, by calling philosophy to my aid and accepting the situation, I really suffer less from sleeplessness than I used to do when I tried everything that was suggested to me."

THE success of individuals in life is greatly owing to their early learning to depend upon their own resources. Money or the expectation of it is a hindrance; has ruined more men than the want of it ever did. If you teach young men to rely upon their own efforts, to be frugal and industrious, you furnish them with a productive capital which no man can ever wrest from them.

LADIES RELIEF—Safe, Sure and Reliable; Failure unknown. Cures all womb troubles. Guaranteed. For particulars address The Electro Chemical Battery Co., Richmond, Ind. Lady agents wanted.

HAIR REMOVED

Without pain, injury or discoloration of the skin. Absolute removal on first application. Send for it and show it to your physician, and if he demonstrates it contains acid, caustic or other poison injurious to the skin, your money refunded. The only chemically pure liquid dissolvent. Get the best. Agents wanted, retail 50 cts. In stamps for circulars and booklet on beauty. $1 a bottle prepaid, in plain mailing box. Nu-Hair Mfg. Co., Bee Bldg., Chicago, Ills.

Humorous.

A needle loved a ball of yarn,
And nearly had a fit
Because it didn't care a darn,
And only answered: "Nit!"

Cheap country seat—A stump.

A trying situation—The Judge's.

Re membered—A man with a cork leg.

Has a world of meaning—The dictionary.

Person always to be avoided—A striking woman.

Actors usually travel on sleepers. Sometimes they ride and sometimes they walk.

He: What if I steal a kiss? She: I hope you will never be guilty of keeping stolen goods.

"S'y, Johnson, you call the baby George Washington. Is there any resemblance?"

"No, sah, 'cept in the names."

"This," said the "dear girl," as she led the way into a secluded little nook in the conservatory, "is what papa calls his 'match-box.' Everybody comes in here to propose."

Scene—Deck of ship at sea. "I feel so ill, sisanna; and, if I should die and they bury me here, you'll sometimes come and plant flowers on my grave, won't you?

Managing editor, looking at his paper basket: I wish I had lived in ancient Babylon, where manuscripts were written on bricks. What a superb villa I might have built.

Prospective tenant: No, I can't take this store, it's too dark.

Agent: Too dark! What do you want to use it for?

Prospective tenant: A light lunch cafe.

"That was a powerful interestin' debate at the literary society last night."

"What was it about?"

"Whether the microbe is more injurious than the cyclone."

Willie: Auntie, are you going to give me anything on my birthday?

Aunt: Certainly, dear, if you are a good boy.

Willie: Please, auntie, then, nothing useful.

Railroad manager: Here, Blobbs, this new time-table won't do at all!

Blobbs: I thought it very explicit, sir.

Manager: That's just what's the matter. The first thing you know the public will be able to understand a time-table as well as we. See if you can't complicate it a bit.

"Who are you going to give your vote to?" asked the ungrammatical person.

The prospective delegate thoughtfully chawed the roots of his chin whiskers.

"I don't know jist who will git it," he said, after a pause; "but as for givin' it to anybody, that ain't to be thought uv for a minit. Vote is valuable."

Magistrate: You are charged with assaulting this man.

Prisoner: I plead guilty, your honor; but I have a good excuse. I addressed this man civilly three times, and he never answered me.

Magistrate: Why, the man is deaf and dumb!

Prisoner: Well, why didn't he say so?

"Do not tell my folks," he faltered, "how I died."

Even the hard-hearted Sheriff, who was adjusting the noose, stopped to brush away a tear.

"They are very nice people," sobbed the doomed man, "and they would be dreadfully mortified to know I ever wore a necktie I had not tied myself."

Butler: There's a man below to see you, sir.

Master: What did you tell him?

Butler: I told him you told me, if it was a lady, to say you were in; and, if it was a man, to say you were out.

Master: What did he say then?

Butler: He said to tell you that he was a lady.

Lady: All your marine pictures represent the sea as calm. Why don't you paint a storm once in a while?

Artist: We painters in oil can't paint a storm. I have often outlined a storm on the canvas, but as soon as I begin to spread on the oil colors the waves subside, and the sea becomes as calm as a duck-pond.

Weather-prophet: How are the indications to-night?

Assistant: Mighty uncertain. I hardly know what kind of a report to send out.

Weather-prophet: Nothing easier. Make it "fine weather, with local rains and thunderstorms." That's always safe. If it's fine, we hit it right; and, if it rains, that's one of our local storms, see?

It has been said that the actions of children, though betraying a lack of experience, are often guided by perfect logic. In illustration of this there comes to hand a story of a child who was found to have put out the eyes of her new doll, and who, on being rebuked by her mother, declared that she only did it so that the doll might not know when she was put to sleep by herself in a dark room.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.—As a wife and mother she can make or mar the fortune and happiness of her husband and children.

By her thrift, prudence, and good management, she can secure to her partner and herself a competency in old age.

By her tender care she can often restore him to good health.

By her counsel and her love she can win him from bad company, if temptation, in an evil hour, has led him astray.

She can do as much as man, perhaps even more, to degrade him, if she chooses to do it.

As a wife she can ruin her husband by extravagance and folly; by want of affection she can make an outcast of a man who might otherwise have become a good member of society.

She can bring bickerings and strife into what has been a happy household.

She can become an instrument of evil instead of an angel of good.

As a mother her words and her ways should be kind, loving, and good. If she reproves, her language should be choice and refined.

The true mother rules by the laws of kindness; and to her children the word "mother" is synonymous with everything pure, sweet, and beautiful.

ECONOMY.—There are few homes where retrenchment is not necessary, if days of anxiety and pillows of unrest are to be avoided. It is in evidence beyond denial that many allow extravagance and ostentation to destroy the peace and harmony of home-life beyond retrievement.

In the rush and strife for wealth (or too often its semblance, without weight of corresponding bank account), taste is lost for simple enjoyments. How little appearance before the world counts when weighed in the balance with true happiness, and, alas, how quickly the flowers of love and patience in the family circle are blighted by the cyclone of care that comes from living beyond assured income!

It is wonderful to note how many things regarded as necessities are so only from habit and long indulgence of taste and inclination. Mothers do not count for themselves any amount of self-denial, but for their children it is not an easy task to draw the line between the pleasant paths of luxury and those of true comfort and refinement.

Ambition and parental love protest against restrictions in pleasures and advantages, and yet enforced economy and sacrifice frequently develop talents and traits of character more valuable for their future than those so coveted and lamented.

GRIEF is a delicate and fragile flower, fading even more easily than joy, but never wholly dead. Like the rose of Jericho, though seemingly dried and withered past recognition, yet, if but one warm breath pass over it for a moment, it will bloom again with renewed freshness. "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful," and those who seem to forget have often the saddest hearts. In each and all of us life is two fold; two beings dwell within us, one active, busy, absorbed in the duties and pleasure of this world, while the other is sadly dreamily living in the past, treading with tears the former paths.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST.
Philadelphia,
Premier Artistes
IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GO SAMEN VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.	FOR WIGS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to back, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold a Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Norwich, Norfolk, England.
Nov., 29, '88.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.
GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING,
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Were Awarded FOUR MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS, also chosen for 12 STATE AND FOREIGN BUILDINGS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Twenty Medals and Diplomas were taken by makers of the raw materials used by me in constructing the Crowns.

The Crown is the only Piano which contains the Wonderful Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier, the greatest invention of the age and by the use of which you can imitate perfectly the Harp, Zither, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Clavicord, Dulcimer, Spinet, Harpsichord, Music Box, Autoharp, Bag Pipe, Etc.

THE CROWN IS THE ONLY PIANO WORTH $1000.00 MORE THAN IT COSTS.

The Illustrated Souvenir Catalogue, telling the whole story, sent free. Ask for it.

GEO. P. BENT, Manufacturer,
243-253 Washington Boul., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Don't buy a Piano or Organ until you hear and examine a "Crown" and get prices.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders

On and after Nov. 17, 1889.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express	daily	9.00 a m	4.10 p m
Parlor and Dining Car, Buffalo and Chicago Exp.	daily	8.30 p m	7.00 a m
Sleeping Cars,		9.45 p m	7.00 a m

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.30, 10.00 a m, 4.10 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 6.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 11.30 a m, 12.00, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—8.10, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.00, 6.30, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 7.55, 8.18, 9.10, 10.15, 11.14 a m, 12.07 (Dining car), 2.28, 3.26, 5.12, 6.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 8.05, 8.08, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.00, 8.30, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 2.00, 4.10, 5.30, 8.33, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 4.30, 8.32, 9.45 p m, (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Pleasantville and Pottstown—Express, 9.30, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.30, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 3.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.30, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.30, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.30, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 900 S. Third street, 9002 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, Gen'l Superintendent. J. E. WOOD, General Passenger Agent.

AGENTS WANTED to introduce "EARTH GIRDLED," BY TALMAGE'S wonderful new book, nearly 600 massive pages. Over 200 pictures. He tells all he saw while traveling 'round the world. Address, "PEOPLE'S," 301 Market St., Phila., Pa.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED, (WAGGENER'S.) Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. R. DEACON, Publisher, 727 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE
PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, say "Way Down on the Swanee River," either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC, IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"It may be true what some men say.
It maun be true what a' men say."

PUBLIC OPINION
endorses Sapolio.—
It is a solid cake of scouring soap—

©COPYRIGHT

For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more, its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.